VOL. CCXIII, No. 2777

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THE SPHERE, MAY 2, 1953
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The SPHERE

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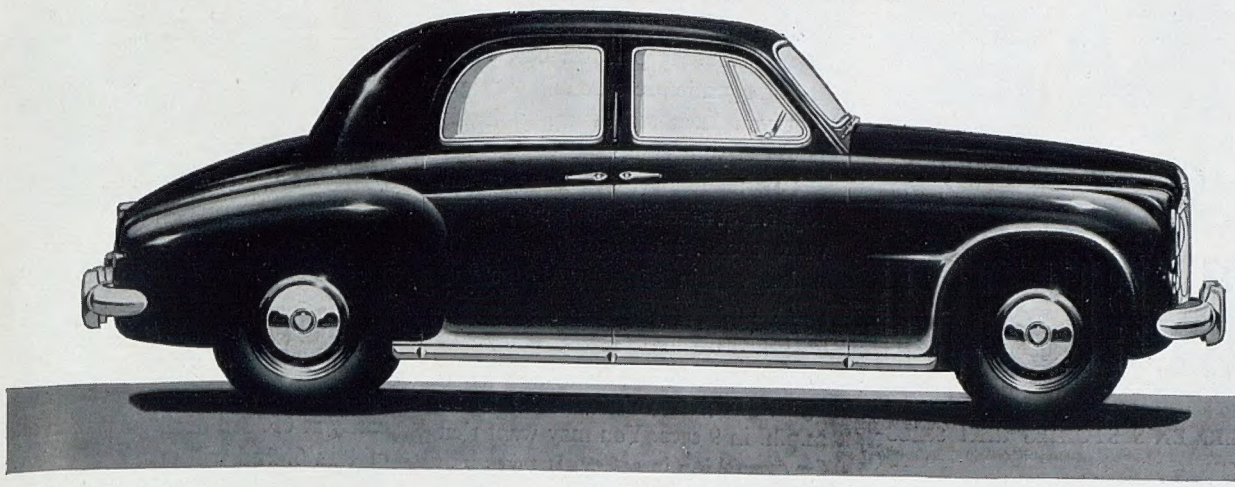

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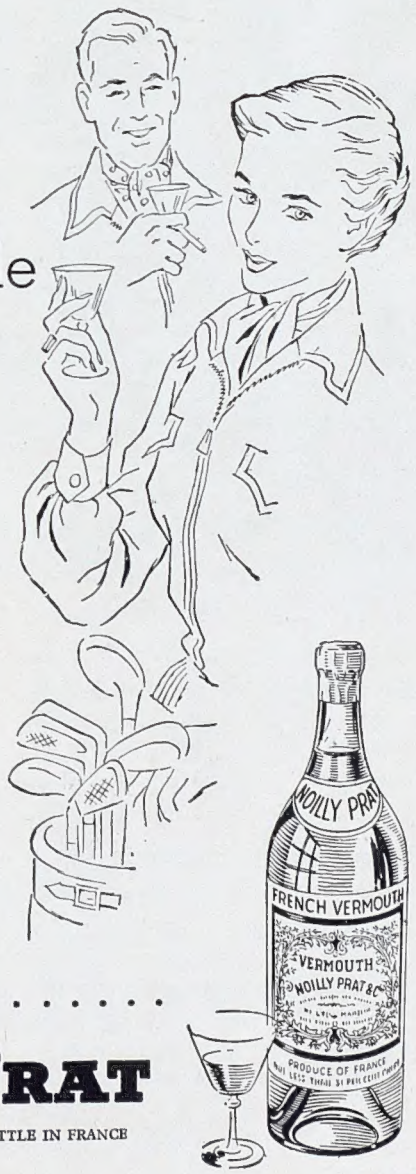

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SPEED FOR YOU! Look at its *speed*. 80 miles an hour, and this a family car! That isn't just good performance. It's outstanding performance. From the first gentle pressure of your right foot you have real, surging, heady power at your command.

You may not want to go at 80. Right. But there's more to speed than mere speed. Hereford performance makes certain of many things you *will* want.

It gives you a fast getaway. In the city you may need that at traffic lights. It gets you from 30 to 50 m.p.h. in 9 secs. You may want that for overtaking in safety. It takes you up to 60 from go in 22 secs. In a hurry that can be a great help.

FOR CAR OR DRIVER, NO FATIGUE It gives you safe, soft, silent cruising at 65 m.p.h. and it will keep it up from dawn till dark. You will revel in this at the time; you will be deeply grateful for it as you pull in after 300 miles or so. You will know then that it is your Hereford that has been doing all the work. You will be fresh, uncramped. You will have enjoyed the drive. You will be *looking forward* to the return trip.

SHE demands comfort, good looks, safety: likes the Hereford for just these things.

AUSTINS ARE REALLY TESTED The gears. Top treats the average gradient as if it weren't a gradient: 1 in 20 easily at 65. 3rd deals gaily with hills of 1 in 6. 2nd will take care of anything else. And there's still 1st!

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THREE TIMES SAFE You're safe in your Hereford. Three times safe.

Safe because the Hereford hugs the road like a possessive hedgehog; because it corners fast but without sway; because its suspension is superb, doing work of which you are made quite unaware by the shock-proof springing.

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LOOK IN Let's look inside. Everywhere, space. On each seat lots of room for three people. And plenty of room for twelve of the longest legs you know.

FOR HER, leg-room, luggage-room: all a-plenty in the Hereford.

Those luxuries that come "extra" on other cars are standard in the Austin Hereford. It has thick pile carpets, real leather upholstery, foam-rubber seating. It is unskimped in every way; and the boot will take a mass of luggage.

ALL THIS — AND ECONOMICAL We used the word "remarkable". It is. It's remarkably inexpensive to run. Remarkably fast. Remarkably restful. Remarkably roomy.

Go and see this Hereford at your dealer's. Compare it with any other car in the same price range.

You will spend many happy years with your Hereford, congratulating yourself on your wisdom.

AND THESE OTHER GREAT AUSTINS . . .

The lively, four-door **A30 SEVEN**; *the exhilarating, 42 b.h.p.* **A40 SOMERSET**; *the distinguished* **A125 SHEERLINE** *and* **A135 PRINCESS.**

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Volume CCXIIi No. 2777

The SPHERE, London, May 2, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE QUEEN AND THE SCOUTS—HER MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH A SCOUT FROM BARBADOS IN THE QUADRANGLE OF WINDSOR CASTLE LAST SUNDAY: A contingent of about 1,000 Queen's Scouts and holders of Scout Gallantry Awards attended the National Scouts Service in St. George's Chapel, and before that they marched past the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh headed by the band of the Scots Guards.

Last Sunday the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret were present at morning service at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and later in the day, before the Queen's Scouts attended the National Scouts Service in St. George's, Her Majesty took the salute at the march-past. The parade was headed by the band of the Scots Guards. Every county in England was represented and contingents from Scotland and Ireland were there, while there were also many scouting representatives from overseas. The Queen also met Olave Lady Baden Powell, chief Guide of the world and widow of the founder of Scouting. Thirteen disabled scouts were present, some of them being carried on stretchers and others being in wheelchairs.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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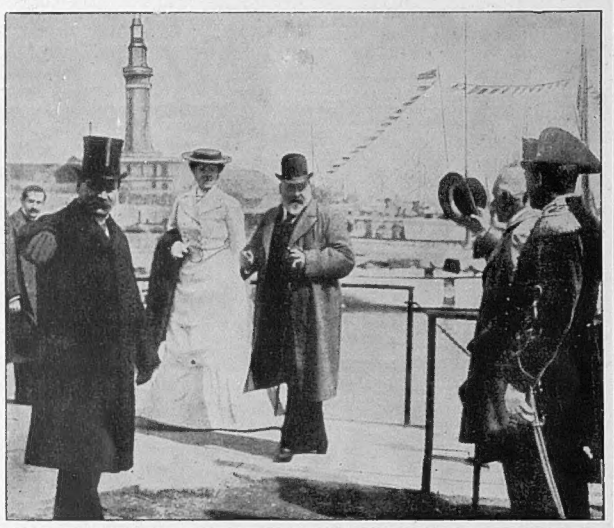
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



KING EDWARD VII MEETS THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL AT NAPLES: This picture was taken during the King's extensive tour of European countries and shows his meeting with the Portuguese Queen, who was also travelling abroad. The Queen was born at Twickenham during her father's exile, and had known King Edward from her childhood. Much of King Edward's tour was made in the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and the first official call was made at Lisbon, where the King received a splendid reception. Later he went on to Italy and was the first English King for several centuries to visit Rome. Before returning to England the King was entertained by the French President in Paris.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE RISE OF THE NEW PLYMOUTH

By the Lord Bishop of Plymouth and the City's Librarian

With drawings by Jack Merriott

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Arise, Sir Winston.—When at Windsor last Friday the Queen invested the Premier with the Garter, the illustrious house of Churchill came full circle. For its founder was Sir Winston Churchill, Marlborough's father, who received the honour of knighthood in 1663. Our Sir Winston is fond of historical precedents, though he has been reluctant to accept the Garter, with its necessary attendant handle. For the last five years he has hesitated, and when he bowed to gracious pressure at last, events postponed the ceremony. Historic names are best without handles; Pitt, for example. In a lesser instance, "Sir Arthur Balfour" sounded less important than "A.J.B.", more like an industrial magnate than a statesman. But the Garter must be worn with a handle. Tradition demands it, and the Garter is the highest bauble, and Mr. Churchill, if any, deserved to scoop the lot, K.G., O.M., C.H. It is odd to recall that in days when Premiers fiercely fought to recommend this award for their political supporters, there was "no damned merit" about it. The Duke of Omnium got it as a matter of course because of his political patronage and despite his evil living. To-day the Garter is solely the grace and favour of the Sovereign and sometimes it is hard to fill the roll of knights with justice to political parties. To that extent, the Order is a museum-piece, but here at least is an instance of its award for sheer, damned merit. Sir Winston will be chaffed good-naturedly by the Opposition and will deal with that inimitably. Poetic justice suggests that he should also have been created a Baronet. For he revived that now absurd and illogical hereditary title at a time when we hoped we had nearly scotched it.

England's Day.—The calendar-makers are sometimes hard put to it to find a "worthy" with whose name to link every day in the year. Sometimes they must make shift with the second-rate in the field of politics, art or literature, with some petty princeling or too little-known martyr. No such difficulty faces them on April 23. For this is the whale of a day, a bonanza anniversary, England's day, St. George's Day, the day of Shakespeare's death, and perhaps of his birth, Zeebrugge Day. The day of heroes, saints and genius; a day for greatness and hope. On that day, if the weather smile, as occasionally it does, the pride and glory and beauty and undying hope of England are revealed as on no other day in the year. To regain our pride in England is a duty and should be our delight, and no better way to that end can be found than to take to the road or rail and drive westward towards Warwickshire, and note, every mile or so, the flag of St. George flying on a hundred church towers newly embowered in pale green, now at the sweet of the year

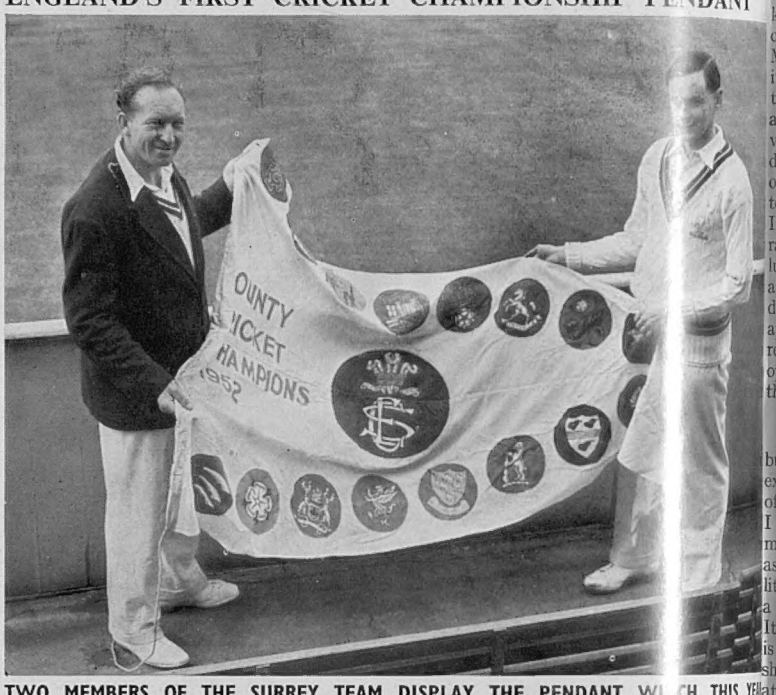
> "When daisies pied and violets blue
> And ladies' smocks all silver white,
> And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight."

Now, when the first cuckoos call from the fields and the copses are musical with bird song, and all the scents and sounds of summer are making ready to burst forth. That is the day to show England to an overseas visitor and leave England to explain. The countryside will speak clearer and more persuasively than any propaganda expert of what England was and is and shall be.

The President to the Kremlin.—The speech made by the President on April 16 in Washington, addressed as it was to the new rulers in Russia, may indeed rank among the most important political speeches in world history. Humanity's tremendous, trembling hope stands or falls by the reception which the speech and its pleas and arguments receive in the Kremlin, first in words and then in actions. Whether that speech ranks in history as all civilised men hope, or whether it falls unheard and unanswered, I make no doubt that its composition was weighed and debated and shaped with all the infinite care which that great occasion deserved. Every word, every phrase, must have been weighed. The speech was in answer to words from the Kremlin of great import and hope. Malenkov had declared that his people cursed war and were athirst for peace. He had declared that peace was possible, based on mutual trust, on realities, on facts. The President had first and foremost to meet those tremendous assurances half-way. His answer must be so designed to meet the longings of the whole world, but because it was addressed to individual *men* (in the Kremlin), it must take note of the frailties of human nature and avoid dogmatism, preaching and unilateral justification. It must take note of every man's desire to save his face and must steer a course between hidden little shoals and mighty islands. The idea of "breaking with the past" must have been considered very carefully before it was introduced. If introduced at all, it must be bilateral in application. For men are men, and individual men to-day (as ever) hold for the waiting anxious world the keys of Heaven and of Hell. Sir Winston Churchill (who should be a good judge) described the speech as a work of art, as a diplomatic historical and oratorical effort. The ideal of *one* world may be, must be, far away still. The steps which slowly lead to it are visible, clear and hard to take. The words of conciliation have been said now, and surely used equivocally on both sides. The deeds remain to do, one by one, little by little, based on realities and facts. An armistice in Korea, a settlement in Korea, a discouragement of Communist activity in Malaya and Indo-China. A settlement for Austria, a settlement for Germany.

Forget the Past.—If the road to security and sanity seems still to stretch endlessly ahead across impossible gulfs and gateless barriers, let us remember that more progress has been achieved in the months since Stalin's death than in the years of his post-war leadership—a fact which calls in question the "greatness" of Stalin. Miracles are only possible when great minds are at work. Littleness, ambition and vanity cannot achieve the miracles which suffering humanity has at last demanded with a voice loud enough and unanimous enough to be heard. Now either side must speak of forgetting the past, it must be spoken of with humility and generosity, with an admission of faults on both sides, and with a promise of amendment and a clean sheet. The past is better forgotten. To-day and to-morrow are what matter. The facts and the realities on which progress must be based must be divorced from past history and tragic misunderstanding and be tackled, with all their thorns, as new problems of the hour without roots in the past. Each is entitled to be tried without reference to "previous convictions," as a prisoner in the dock of a British court. Let us remember (or, at any rate, concede) that the new men at the Kremlin offered the mighty olive-branch after Stalin's death. The words went further and were less equivocal than any words from the Kremlin since 1945, and so, too, have their implementing deeds. This fact conceded, we have grounds for surer hope than at any time in the past seven years. The Iron Curtain is indeed woven of the warp of fear and the woof of suspicion, and it must be unpicked thread by thread. But we are clearly dealing with a new regime at the Kremlin and are justified in shedding some of the disillusion which we derived from its policy over the last eight years, which derived solely from Stalin.

ENGLAND'S FIRST CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP PENDANT



TWO MEMBERS OF THE SURREY TEAM DISPLAY THE PENDANT WHICH THIS YEAR WILL FLY FROM THE MASTHEAD AT THE OVAL: On the left is V. S. Surridge, the Surrey captain, and on the right Peter May, the Surrey and England batsman. Decorated with the badges of the cricket counties, the pendant is the first to be awarded. Each year it is to be presented by the previous year's champions. In Surrey's case the pendant was presented by Warwickshire.

Busy Weeks for the Court.—From now until August 5, when the Court moves to Balmoral for well-deserved holiday, the Queen and Court face weeks of almost continuous ceremonial engagements. The Court was due to leave Windsor for London at the end of April, and all through May the pre-Coronation fever will rise to its apex on June 2. Nor will it die down after the great day. Business will be as feverish round London until June 15, and then after a brief interval, the Court will move to Holyrood (June 22-30) thence to Northern Ireland (July 1-4) and to Wales

July 8-11). July will be as full as a normal season with the customary Royal engagements, and by the end of the month the most avid and greedy public will fairly admit that the Royal family has "earned a night's repose." No doubt these special and normal ceremonial functions differ considerably in strain. The organisation nowadays has reached such a peak of perfection (by experience out of mercy) that some of the progresses have been robbed of some of the strain involved. The Royal train has been an alleviation occasionally. And generally, the "business," even overseas, is now so well understood on both sides, the planning and preparation so exhaustively contrived long months (even years) ahead, that a great deal of physical strain has been eliminated. But a "trifling," ordinary function like a Buckingham Palace garden party is no picnic for the Queen or the Court officials, though the width of the lawn may be measured in yards from the Palace exit to the private area enclosure. The rate of progress is about a yard a minute, with a conversational gambit or *mot juste* to be achieved every step forward. Ascot *is* a picnic compared to it. As for the Coronation ceremony, the wit of archangels and archbishops cannot (and will not) lighten the load of strain.

Lament for the Film Industry.—Mr. Butler, the film magnates say, has been both unjust and unkind to the film industry. He has not done anything to lighten their burden of entertainment tax, which is nearly £4,000,000 more than they can bear. Up to 1948, we humble men used to regard the film magnate as a very warm man and he was wont to throw money about and be in the news for those who enjoy the splendours of millionaire life. But, latterly, the film millionaires have been sorry for themselves. They say that T.V. has been taking their audiences away, that entertainment tax reduces their dividends to mere gilt-edged levels, and that they can only keep to that poor level of divide through the sale of ice-creams. And now the ice-cream source is melting. My very brief encounter with T.V. did not suggest that it is yet a very formidable rival to older forms of entertainment on a screen. My experience of the cinema is almost as brief, and has usually been gained by a short visit to a small country town's cinema on a very wet day. If the year's films shown at the average Odeon of the average country town in the past five years are to be (or have been) judged a serious rival to T.V., I would back T.V. in its stumbling infancy to win the race for popular favour. Not even an ice-cream could lure me on the wettest day to repeat my experience at the Odeon until the passage of six months had dimmed the memory of that futility. They never appear to offer a film which the village idiot would regard as entertainment. *Entertainment* tax is certainly open to criticism as a phrase. Endurance tax is nearer the truth and should prevail.

Bumpers.—For my part, I will quaff a bumper to the glory and rightness of an (at last) expected decision in the world of cricket—the outlawry of the bumper or bodyline ball. A week or so back I advanced the hope that the Kremlin olive-branches might have good effects far and wide, in matters small as well as great. Is this perhaps an example from a little field of the good influence of conciliation and return to good manners in the international field? It may be so, but whatever the inspiration, the decision is welcome and admirable. For the fast bowler's short-pitched ball, aimed not at the wicket but at the striker, utterly ruined the keenest pleasure which a true cricket-fan derives from the game. The moment the bowler departs from those methods to inspire fear, he robs the batsman of his technical skill and the watcher of his pleasure. The game becomes a slogging match in which courage (a fine quality) is more important than skill. We can see that fine exhibition on our village greens, but it is not what we pay to see at Lord's or any county ground. I think the great game will gain new life from the decision to return to good manners. Bodyline and bumper bowling were *offensive*, and I hate the word. Hence my sorrow that those Americans have taken up the President's fine lead with that latest coined "Peace offensive." It is a contradiction in terms.

Byron's Memory.—Punctually and inevitably on April 18 in *The Times* "In Memoriam" column every year appears the Byron notice, with its familiar quotation from *The Bride of Abydos* and Scott's reference to Byron's death. It is 129 years since Byron died at Missolonghi. I think I once knew (but I have now forgotten) who originated and advanced the capital for this annual reminder of the life and death of that tempestuous genius, so full of sense and madness, of noble qualities and caddishness. It is unlikely to have been Hobhouse, that cool, precise man. It may have been a woman or a body of men and women. Moore, I am sure, had not the will or the money. Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) was Byron's executor, and Byron still to-day has a "personal representative" to whom, if one found an unpublished Byron letter, one would be bound to go for permission to publish it (on a cash basis). I found that out in the '30's when I discovered a series of unpublished letters written by Byron to the wife of "Kiss-me" Hardy. By a series of intestacies, from Broughton downwards, the "personal representation" of Byron's estate had devolved on an old solicitor whose knowledge of the poet's work was nil. He sold me the copyright of my discovered letters for a small sum, and that copyright has been freely pirated since! If any one knows the origins of this annual *In Memoriam*, I should be to hear from him. *The Times* knows, of course, but I cannot expect Printing House Square to satisfy my mild curiosity.

THE OLD STAGER

THE FAST PATROL-BOAT "GAY BOMBARDIER" IS PUT THROUGH HER PACES

THE FAST PATROL-BOAT P 1042, APTLY NAMED THE "GAY BOMBARDIER," CUTS THROUGH THE WATER DURING A DEMONSTRATION HELD OFF THE SOUTH COAST: This picture of the 75-ft.-long vessel was taken from another fast patrol-boat, No. 5212, which was undergoing advanced sea trials off Gosport. No. 5212 is a former German E-boat converted into a floating test-bed and fitted with a new lightweight Deltic Diesel engine.

During the past few years the Royal Navy has been building up its complement of fast patrol-boats and in January of this year accepted the *Bold Pioneer*, the first vessel to be powered by gas turbines and Diesel engines working in conjunction. At the beginning of April the Navy accepted another fast patrol-boat, the *Gay Bombardier*, first of the Gay class, and at the end of the month Admiralty officials went to sea in the *Gay Bombardier* to witness the advance sea trials of the new lightweight Deltic Diesel engines installed in a former German E-boat, now known as No. 5212. The Deltic Diesels, claimed to be the most powerful of their type yet made, and developed by D. Napier and Son, Ltd., of Acton, on behalf of the English Electric Co., are the first two of six being installed for 1,000 hours' sea endurance.

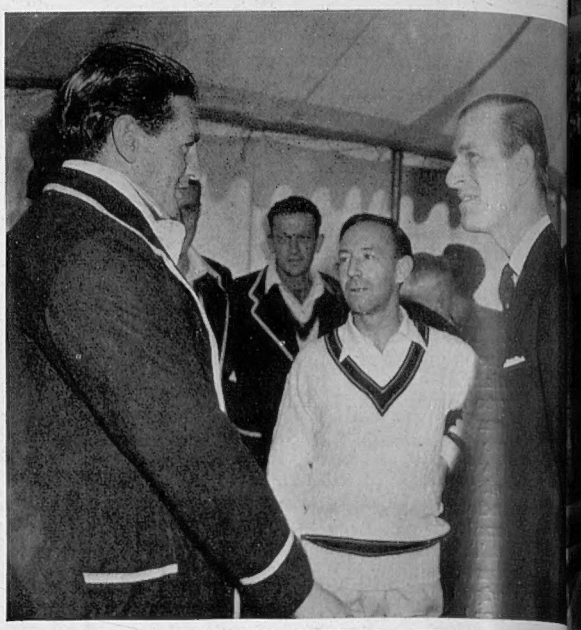
The *Gay Bombardier* is the first of her class, representing a development of the types of short M.T.B.s produced during the war, to be completed under the emergency programme. She was ordered a little more than two years ago. Built by Messrs. Vosper Ltd., of Portsmouth, who acted as the "parent" firm, and of wooden construction, the *Gay Bombardier* has a length of 75 ft. and a beam of 20 ft. She is powered with Packard engines.

THIS IS THE BOAT WHICH CAN BE ARMED AS A GUNBOAT OR TORPEDO-BOAT: In the former role the *Gay Bombardier* would mount a 4.5-in. gun and one smaller gun, while as a torpedo-boat the armament would consist of two 21-in. torpedo-tubes and a small gun. The peacetime complement will consist of two officers and ten or eleven ratings, according to the function of the boat. *Gay Bombardier* is based at H.M.S. "Hornet" at Gosport.

AT THE CENOTAPH AN
AT TYBURN

And Other News of Last Week-end Recorded in Pictures

COMMEMORATING ANZAC DAY IN LONDON—THE CEREMONY AT THE CENOTAPH : The Service was attended by the Australian High Commissioner, Sir Thomas White ; the High Commissioner for New Zealand, Sir Frederick Doidge ; and representatives of the Australian armed forces and the United Kingdom. The Ambassadors of India, Pakistan, France, the United States and the Netherlands were also represented. In Australia Anzac day was commemorated in all the towns and cities and in many of the smaller villages.

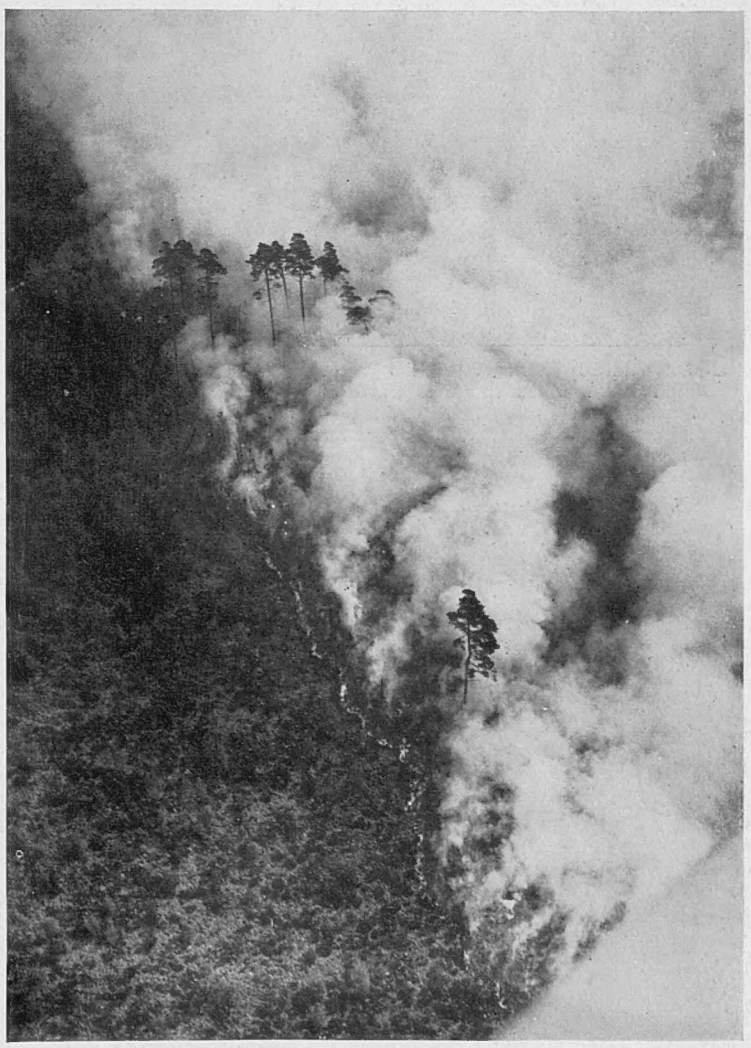


THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH CHATTING WITH MEMBERS OF AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM BEFORE THE MATCH AT EAST MOLE Seen with the Duke are Lindsay Hassett, the Australian ca (in the white pullover), and Keith Miller. The match, w was the first Australian fixture in England, was held in a a charity and both teams played thirteen men. The Molesey team, which included Insole and Bailey, batted and declared at 244 for 11 wickets, while the Australian S soon reached 314 for 9 wickets, when they declared. D the interval the Duke of Edinburgh had tea with the te

PRAYERS ARE SAID IN MEMORY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLICS DIED FOR THEIR FAITH IN THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTE CENTURIES : Pilgrims make a station during the walk from Newgate to Tyburn, the site of the old ga

COMMEMORATING THE TYBURN MARTYRS—A ROMAN CAT PILGRIMAGE THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON : A s of the vast crowd which gathered in Hyde Park fo commemoration of the Roman Catholics who suffered dea Tyburn gallows in the sixteenth and seventeenth cent Many hundreds of Roman Catholics took part in the grimage from Old Bailey, site of Newgate Prison, to M Arch, where Tyburn Gallows stood. They followed route taken by the Roman Catholic martyrs four cen ago. *On left*—Close to the spot where once stood the T Gallows, Cardinal Griffin, the Roman Catholic Archbi of Westminster, standing on the balcony of the Ty Convent, gives the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrame the assembled pilgrims during the commemorative se

SUDBURY'S WELCOME FOR THE SUFFOLKS : The Lord Lieutenant of Suffolk, Commander Lord Stradbroke, R.N. (retd.), presenting a silver bugle to the 1st Battalion, the Suffolk Regiment, at Sudbury, Suffolk, during a ceremony on the cricket ground when the Battalion was given the Freedom of Sudbury and officially welcomed home after three years' service in Malaya. The Mayor of Sudbury also presented the Battalion with a silver bugle. *On right*—Lord Stradbroke, followed by the Mayor of Sudbury, saluting the Colours during his inspection of the Battalion. Two pieces of officers' mess plate were presented to the Mayor on behalf of the Regiment. Later the Battalion marched through the town with drums beating, bands playing, Colours flying and bayonets fixed.



FIRE WREAKS HAVOC IN A SURREY BEAUTY SPOT : An aerial view of smoke billowing from a sharply defined "front" as the fire, which destroyed between three and four square miles of trees, gorse and grass on Hurtwood Common, Surrey, pressed relentlessly forward. *On left*—Fanned by a strong wind, the fire creeps downhill, threatening a house and its outbuildings. For a time the fire menaced the village of Peaslake, which lies just over seven miles south-east of Guildford. Eighty firemen, assisted by fifty troops sent from Guildford, fought throughout the afternoon to get the blaze under control, but it was not for six hours after the outbreak that the danger was at last overcome.

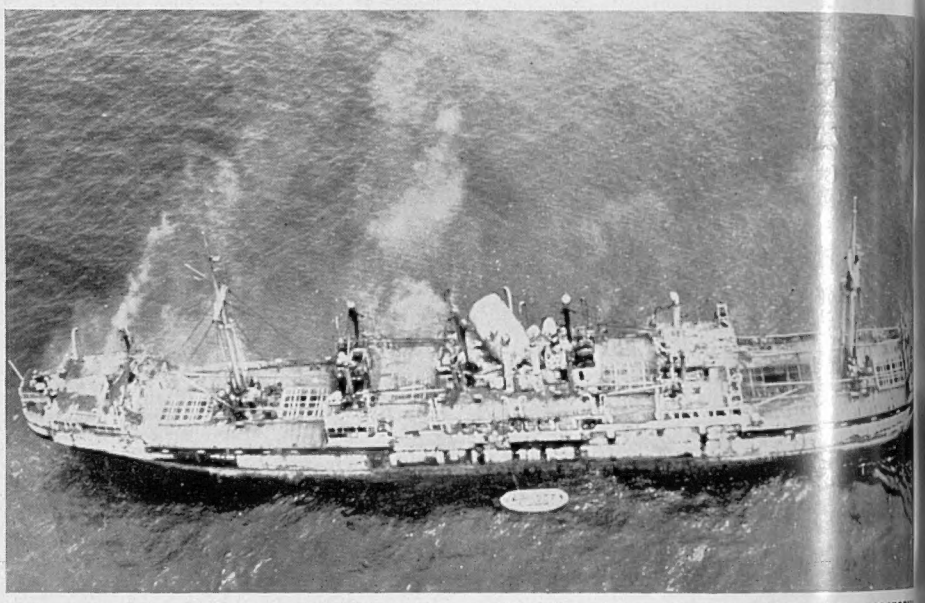
A SURVEY of the FOREIGN NEWS

Pictures from India, Pakistan, Germany, Austria, Italy and the United States

On left—

THE PEOPLE OF DELHI BATHING IN THE SACR RIVER JUMNA ON THE MORNING OF THE HIN FESTIVAL OF BAISAKHI : This is the festi which, according to the Hindu solar syste marks the beginning of the New Year a also the advent of summer. Throughout countryside the ripened crops, which had b stacked in the fields, are ready to be brou in, and the villagers celebrate Baisakhi w great pomp and ceremony. Cattle fairs held and groups of happy people walk singi through the village lanes. The day, beg ning with the essential bathing ceremon either in the sacred rivers or in the tem pools, is given over to rejoicing and to practice of complicated religious ritu whose origins are as old as civilisati

HINDUS SMEARING THEIR FOREHEADS WITH SACRED SANDALWOOD PASTE AFTER THEIR BAISAKHI BATHE IN THE RIVER JUMNA : The application of sandalwood paste is an essential part of many Hindu *pujas*, or religious rites. The bare chest is also sometimes smeared in this way.



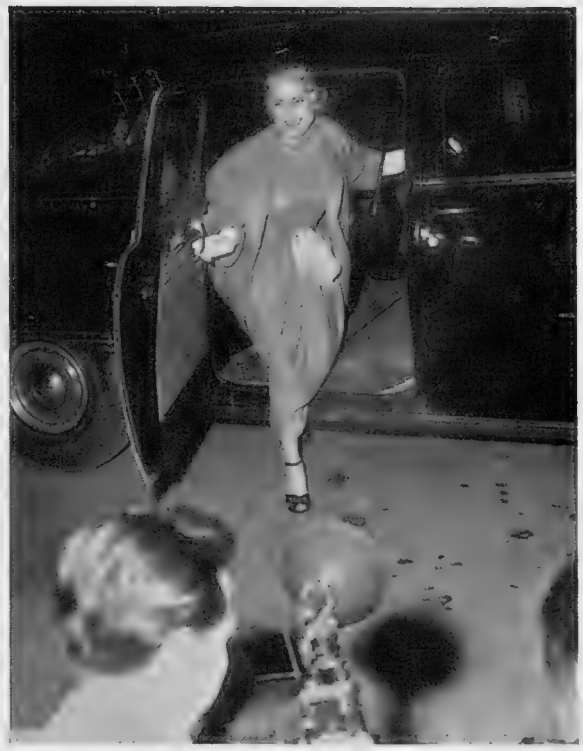
THE LIVERPOOL FREIGHTER "MENESTHEUS" ABANDONED AND ON FIRE OFF THE CALIFORN COAST : This picture was taken from a Coast Guard plane after the crew had been pick up by the United States ship *Navajo Victory*. The master of the *Menestheus* informed ship's managers that the fire occurred after an explosion in the engine-room and was fou until the pumps "gave out." He was una to state the cause of the explosion. For a ti it seemed the *Menestheus* would be a total lo but a later message reported that the fire w under control and that the *Navajo* Victo was towing the vessel towards San Die

On left—

THE NEW CABINET OF PAKISTAN : Mohamm Ali, the Prime Minister, signing his na in the register after taking the oa Seated in the chair beside the Premie His Excellency Ghulam Mohammad, t Governor-General of Pakistan, who d missed the Cabinet of Khwaja Nazimudd on the grounds of administrative incom petence and asked Mr. Ali, who was P Pakistan's Ambassador to the United Stat to form a new Government. At a Pr conference later Mr. Ali appealed for h and co-operation to usher in peace a prosperity. He gave assurances that th would be full rights and freedom minorities, and in answer to a questi said that if the Indian Prime Minister re wished to find a solution to the vari outstanding disputes between the t countries he would go more than half-w to meet him. Mr. Ali's new Cabinet inclu Sir Zafrullah Khan, who has been Fore Minister of Pakistan since its inaugurati and who is perhaps the country's m able diplomatist, and Khan Abdul Quaiy Khan, Chief Minister of the North-W Frontier and political opponent of Kh Abdul Gaffar Khan, the Red Shirt leader, w is still a political prisoner in the Provi

THE CONFIRMATION OF FRAULEIN EDDA GOERING : The daughter of the late Reichsmarshal seen at the Protestant church in Munich where she was confirmed in the presence of many relatives and friends. Edda lives in a flat in Munich with her mother, the former Emmy Sonnemann, who was well known as an opera singer. Among those who attended the confirmation was a sister of Karin Goering, the first wife of Goering.

MRS. ORDE WINGATE ON A PALESTINIAN MISSION : The widow of the late Major-General Orde Wingate, the Chindit chief who lost his life in the Burma campaign, speaking at the inauguration of the new village on Mount Carmel founded for children from Oriental countries and from North Africa. Mount Carmel is near Haifa and the Tel Aviv highway. Funds for the construction of the village were raised in Britain.



MRS. CLARE BOOTHE LUCE ARRIVES IN ROME : The new American Ambassador to Italy alighting from her car at the Villa Taverna when she arrived to take up her new appointment. Mrs. Luce travelled to Naples by ship and continued the journey to Rome by road. She is the first woman Ambassador ever accredited to the Italian Government, and she is the first American woman Ambassador to a major Power.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS : A new "Sky Lift" truck for high-level work is seen being demonstrated in Chicago. Workers in the novel lift can be raised 44 ft. high and 30 ft. from the truck base in any direction. It is claimed that the truck can be used to clear trees from electric power lines, in shipbuilding construction and rescue work, movie and television camera operations and other jobs. It was shown during a conference of the American Gas Association and the Edison Electric Institute, and delegates to the conference were invited to see the "Sky Lift" at work in the streets of Chicago.

A GOLDEN WEDDING IS CELEBRATED AT THE LIECHTENSTEIN PALACE IN VIENNA : The Abbot of the Scottish Abbey in Vienna seen with Prince Louis of Liechtenstein and his wife, the Archduchess Elizabeth, during the religious ceremonial on the occasion of their anniversary. The Prince and the Archduchess are the parents of the reigning sovereign of Liechtenstein, Prince Franz Josef II. Liechtenstein is an independent principality on the north bank of the Rhine, situated between the Swiss Cantons of St. Gallen and Graubunden and the Austrian Province of Vorarlburg. Its history dates back to the fourteenth century when Graf Hartman von Montfort became the owner of the Castle of Vaduz, took residence there, calling himself Count of Vaduz, and reigned over the land. The Montfort family ruled in Vaduz for 200 years, but eventually lost their fortunes through becoming involved in German civil wars and through quarrels among themselves and neighbours. In 1419 the Brandis family took over at Vaduz, and by 1434 the territory reached its present boundaries, covering 158 square kilometres.

PRINCE FRANZ JOSEF II OF LIECHTENSTEIN AND HIS BROTHERS AT THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF THEIR PARENTS : The Prince is on the right of the group and his three sons are in the foreground.

THE QUEEN AT BADMINTON

Watching the International Horse Trials In Company with the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret and Other Members of the Royal Family

THE QUEEN SHARES A JOKE WITH THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER : This Royal Family group was taken during the second day of the international three-day horse trials held last week at Badminton in glorious sunshine. In the foreground is Prince Richard of Gloucester and in the background are the Princess Royal and Princess Margaret.

Last year 60,000 people went to Badminton for the international horse trials, and this great annual event, which has prospered under Royal patronage and through the enthusiasm of the Duke of Beaufort, the Master of the Horse, has once again proved itself a first-class attraction. The Queen and Princess Margaret arrived at Badminton on April 22, and on the first day they saw the various entries competing in the *dressage*, the least exciting part of the programme. On the second day began the tests over the steeplechase and cross-country courses, and the crowds, whether from the stands, which have been erected for the first time at Badminton, or from their cars, which they used as impromptu grand-stands, saw some truly excellent sport with forty or more entries competing from many countries. English hopes were high from the outset and were justified when the individual championship was won by Major Rook, of the Royal Horse Guards, and when Britain also won the team event.

On right—

FROM THE ROYAL GRAND-STAND ON A FARM-CART : The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret watching the jumping in company with the Duke of Beaufort, who is standing behind them.

THE QUEEN CONSULTS THE PROGRAMME : Her Majesty seen with the Duke of Beaufort and the Duke of Edinburgh before they watched the international jumping on the second day at Badminton. They saw the horses compete in gruelling tests over the steeplechase and cross-country courses.

WATCHING THE TRIALS FROM A LAND-ROVER : The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in their car. The Duke has a cine camera. Just behind him stands the Princess Royal.

HE CALLED IT "A DELICIOUS CONFECTION": Captain Vyvyan Holt, former British Minister in Seoul, talking to the Press on arrival at Abingdon Airport, Berkshire, at the head of a party of six Britons and an Irish priest who had been released after nearly three years' internment in North Korea. Captain Holt commented upon the remarkable suit he was wearing, calling it "a delicious confection from Czechoslovakia." He was in high spirits and praised the R.A.F. for the way in which they had handled the arrangements for their return to Britain. They had travelled across Manchuria and Siberia by train, and had completed the last part of the journey by plane, a Hastings of the R.A.F.

RELEASED

After Three Years in NORTH KOREA

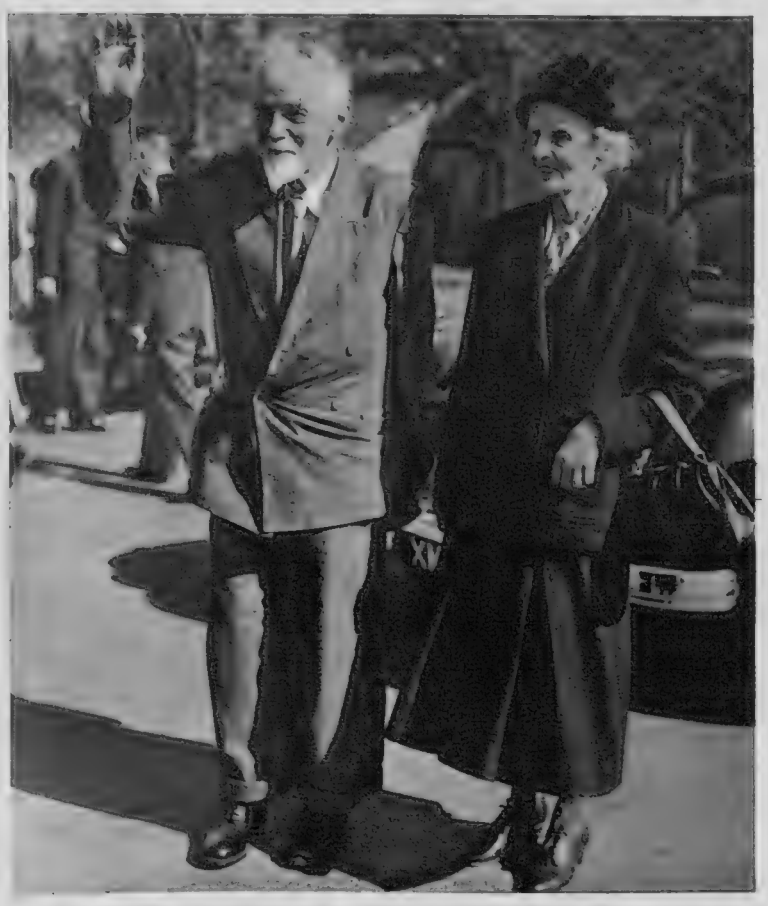
Six Britons and an Irish Priest Arrive at Abingdon on Release from Their Internment

There was a spontaneous British welcome at Abingdon last week for the civilian internees who came home from North Korea, and as the Hastings plane which had brought them from Moscow touched down at the Berkshire airport a crowd of relatives and friends surged forward to embrace their menfolk. First out of the plane was Captain Vyvyan Holt, former British Minister in Seoul. He almost ran down the gangway into the arms of his brother, Mr. H. D. Holt. Then came Commissioner Lord, of the Salvation Army, Dr. Cooper, the Bishop in Korea, Mr. Philip Deane, correspondent of the *Observer*, Mr. Blake and Mr. Owen, of the Seoul Legation staff, and Father Quinlan, who hails from Eire. For each and all of them there was a tremendous welcome. In describing their experiences in North Korea, Captain Holt said that the diplomatic personnel were kept separate from the others interned. The diplomatic section were allowed domestic help, whereas the others had to do their own cooking, fetch water and so on. Their daily programme was "lying on our beds." They got up when they liked and fed when they liked. There was no routine. There was no hardship in a physical sense, only boredom. The food was not good—a bowl of rice three times a day—but it was a good deal better than most of the people of North Korea were getting. Perhaps four times a month they had a good meal of pork to sustain them.

FAMILY REUNIONS AT ABINGDON AIRPORT: *Left*—Mr. George Blake, a member of the Legation staff at Seoul, seen with his mother, Mrs. Catherine Blake, who went to the airport to meet him. *Centre*—Mr. Philip Deane, the correspondent of the *Observer*, with his wife. *Right*—Mr. Norman Owen, another member of the Seoul Legation staff at the time of the overrunning of Korea, with his wife and his son. Mr. Owen was wearing new clothes given to him in Berlin.

On left—
ANOTHER HAPPY FAMILY GROUP: Commissioner Lord of the Salvation Army holding the arm of his wife. Also with them is his sister, Mrs. Culshaw. A group of Salvation Army leaders, headed by Commissioner J. Allan, Chief of Staff of the Salvation Army, went to Abingdon to meet Commissioner Lord. As he alighted from the plane the Salvationists began singing "Praise God, from Whom all Blessings Flow."

Below—
FATHER THOMAS QUINLAN, OF EIRE: Father Quinlan is seen (left centre) with a fellow-priest and with Mr. Boland, the Eirean Ambassador.



DR. COOPER, ANGLICAN BISHOP IN KOREA, IS REUNITED WITH HIS SISTER: The Bishop with Miss Rose Cooper on his return to England wearing a distinctly battered suit. Bishop Roberts, Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, welcomed Bishop Cooper on behalf of Dr. Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury. One of Bishop Cooper's first acts on returning home was to shave off his beard. He is 70 years of age.

The Story of GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

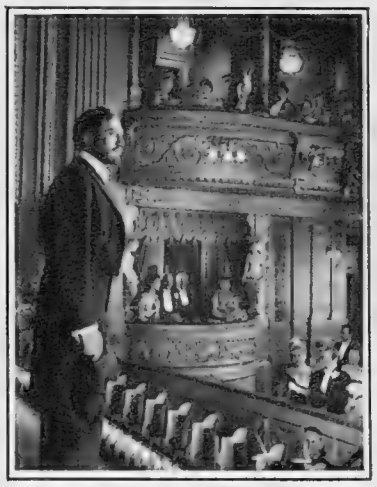
The Famous Light Operatic Partnership Provides the Theme for a New British Film, which is to be Presented at the Plaza in London Next Week

"I LOVE HIM, I LOVE HIM; WITH FERVOUR UNCEASING, I WORSHIP AND MADLY ADORE": Yvonne Marsh as the jilted bride in the first production of *Trial by Jury* in 1875 as it is represented in the Technicolor film *Gilbert and Sullivan*. The film, directed by Sidney Gilliatt, has been made by London Films and is to be presented at the Plaza on May 8. Robert Morley and Maurice Evans are the stars.

THEY DRINK TO THE PARTNERSHIP: W. S. Gilbert (Robert Morley) signs the agreement while Sullivan (Maurice Evans), Mrs. D'Oyly Carte (Eileen Herlie), Mrs. Gilbert (Isabel Dean) and D'Oyly Carte (Peter Finch) look on. Gilbert and Sullivan agree to fees of 4 guineas per performance and to split the profits.

"MY NAME IS JOHN WELLINGTON WELLS. I'M A DEALER IN MAGIC AND SPELLS": Sullivan (Maurice Evans), who is composing the music for *The Sorcerer*, gives George Grossmith (Martyn Green) an audition for the role of John Wellington Wells.

MEMBERS OF THE D'OYLY CARTE COMPANY, BOUND FOR THE UNITED STATES IN THE LINER "BOTHNIA," ENTERTAIN THEIR FELLOW-PASSENGERS ON THE BOAT-DECK: W. S. Gilbert (Robert Morley) is singing one of the songs from the forthcoming production of *The Pirates of Penzance* and Sullivan (Maurice Evans) is accompanying him on the piano. *The Pirates of Penzance* became the rage of America.



DRAMATIC FIRST NIGHTS: *Left*—Richard D'Oyly Carte (Peter Finch) stands on the stage of the Savoy to admire the new incandescent lighting. *Right*—Gilbert hands Sullivan a glass of brandy after the latter has collapsed on the first night of *Iolanthe*.

Gilbert and Sullivan are among those few creators for the stage who, having once captured the popular taste, have maintained their hold. It is extraordinary, indeed, the cult of Gilbert and Sullivan in these modern days, and evidence of the persisting tradition will no doubt be forthcoming in a few days' time when the film version of the lives of Gilbert and Sullivan is presented at the Plaza Cinema in London's West End.

Sidney Gilliatt has directed the picture for London Films, and Sidney Gilliatt and Leslie Baily have written the screen-play, which highlights nearly all the dramatic moments in the tempestuous but highly profitable years of the great partnership. Mr. Baily is an outstanding authority on Gilbert and Sullivan, as witness his massive production, *The Gilbert and Sullivan Book* (published by Cassells in 1952).

The film opens in the year 1875 with young Mr. Sullivan conducting his oratorio "The Prodigal Son," at the Crystal Palace. During the ensuing thunderous applause, as he faces the audience, Sullivan has eyes for no one but Grace, his fiancée, who is enraptured by his brilliance as a serious composer. The rift between the two of them soon develops. Sullivan, who is the victim of divided loyalties throughout his career, veers towards the lighter side in the musical realm, collaborating with W. S. Gilbert, the great comic author and librettist, and Richard D'Oyly Carte, the enterprising manager of the Royalty Theatre. Together Sullivan, Gilbert and Carte form a great triumvirate.

In the sequences that follow we see the success of *Trial by Jury*, with the highbrow Grace breaking off the engagement, telling Sullivan she could forgive him for squandering his talent, but that nothing can atone for his obvious pride in what she considered to be mere trivialities. Sullivan resigns himself to life without Grace. More and more he is involved in the triumvirate.

We see the operas take London by storm. They are produced with artistic flair and strict discipline, and from the outset revolutionise the British musical theatre. Gilbert and Sullivan are really seen in the role of reformers, setting out to give their public something better than the vulgarities of Gaiety burlesque.

One of the most interesting episodes in the film is the visit of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company to America. The visit was linked with the effort of the triumvirate to curb the unscrupulous American methods of stealing and pirating their operas. For the purpose of the experiment the aptly-named *Pirates of Penzance* was produced, and the result was a raging success.

The first night of *Iolanthe* in London provides some more dramatic moments in the film. Gilbert is seen, as ever, spending the entire performance brooding beside the Thames Embankment, returning in time to receive the congratulations of his partners.

W. S. GILBERT ARRIVES TO RECEIVE HIS KNIGHTHOOD FROM EDWARD VII: The veteran librettist descending from his car in the courtyard of Buckingham Palace. This is one of the closing sequences in the Gilbert and Sullivan film, which covers all the dramatic years of the partnership.

"THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL": Three members of the original D'Oyly Carte cast rehearse one of the popular numbers in *The Mikado* with Sullivan (Maurice Evans) seated at the piano in his ornately-furnished apartment. Sullivan worked night after night to finish the score of *The Mikado* on time, and the result was his greatest triumph.

"I THINK YOU WILL FIND IT IS A MISTAKE TO KICK DOWN THE LADDER BY WHICH YOU HAVE RISEN": With these words W. S. Gilbert takes leave of his former manager, Richard D'Oyly Carte, and his wife Helen. Meanwhile, Sir Arthur Sullivan contemplates the model of the new Royal English Opera House built by Carte in order to provide grand opera.

W. S. GILBERT READS HIS OWN WORDS ON THE MEMORIAL TO HIS LATE PARTNER: The librettist pauses in the Thames Embankment Gardens beneath the statue of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose death came as a great blow, despite the many quarrels.

SULLIVAN GOES ON A GAMBLING SPREE AT MONTE CARLO: The composer is seen in the centre of the table engaged in a bout of furious play. Sir Arthur often disappeared to the Continent after his quarrels with Gilbert.

In spite of the continuing success of the partnership between 1881 and 1884, with *Patience*, *Iolanthe* and *Princess Ida* succeeding one another, the personal relationship between Gilbert and Sullivan became increasingly discordant. Sullivan veered once again towards serious music, composing a dramatic cantata for the Leeds Festival entitled "The Golden Legend."

Fate stepped in repeatedly, however, to bring another struggle between the Bach and the Offenbach in Sullivan, and the circumstance of a Japanese sword falling from Gilbert's study wall led to the idea of *The Mikado*. Once again Sullivan veered towards light opera. Once again his reward was immediate recognition and a further access of wealth.

Eventually Gilbert did see the danger of losing Sullivan. It was that that probably led him to write *The Yeomen of the Guard*, quite the most serious of his light operas, with a moving and dramatic finale. The film shows Gilbert and Sullivan on terms of the closest mutual admiration after this latest success. But the old quarrels still broke out, and the climax came with the plan to build the Royal English Opera House.

To Gilbert this excursion into heavy opera made nonsense. He felt that Carte was kicking down the ladder that brought him to fame, and he did not hesitate to say so. The quarrel came to a head over quite another matter: the wild and woolly question of Carte's carpet, a resplendent piece of furnishing leading to the door of Carte's room. There was also the question of the Savoy accounts and the money allowed for expenses. It all added fuel to the flames of misunderstanding.

One of the most effective moments in this drama of tempestuous characters comes when Gilbert stamps into the unfinished Royal English Opera House, discovers Carte and Sullivan in a builder's cradle near the roof of the building, himself joins another painter about to "take-off" for the roof, and then proceeds to harangue his partner and manager as he ascends and they descend. The carpet quarrel raged loud and long.

It was several years before Gilbert and Sullivan met again, but meet they did at a rehearsal for a revival of *The Yeomen of the Guard* at the Savoy. Members of the original cast who were still with the company were delighted at this reunion, and the old enemies and partners decided to bury the hatchet in public and revive the custom of taking the first-night curtain-call together.

After that, the drama was really played out, and the film moves to a dignified conclusion. The year 1907 shows Gilbert on the way to Buckingham Palace to receive his knighthood at the hands of Edward VII, and there is a nostalgic visit to the Thames Embankment to pause beside Sullivan's statue. Altogether it is a fascinating story presented in a most graphic way.

THE CORONATION STONE AND CHAIR

After Sorting Fact and Legend in Relation to These Sacred Objects, Which Have Been So Much in the News, the Story Still Remains Both Romantic and Colourful

By JOHN GORE

WHEN people say, as they sometimes do, that lawyers as a class are dull and unimaginative and that scientists, for all their brilliance, contribute little or nothing to the colour and romance of life, they are unconsciously upholding the eternal value of romance and fairy-tales in colouring the dingy commonplaces of human existence. For the lawyer and the scientist are both concerned to separate fact from fiction and to sift evidence of all matter which will not pass the strictest rules of testimony in the courts or in the test tube.

As an example of our eternal taste for the romantic, our eternal willingness to accept legend as historical fact, no more topical or typical example could be adduced than King Edward's Coronation Chair and the Stone it frames. The Stone indeed is perennially "topical" and often "in the news," and the Chair at the moment is right under the spotlight.

Let us imagine that a special Commission composed of the Lord Chief Justice and another High Court Judge, together with two leading scientists, expert in geology and woodworking and other relevant crafts and sciences, were appointed to examine the provenance of the Stone and the Chair and to report on their researches. How much of the colour and romance attached to these national treasures would survive their treatment? Enough to go on with, certainly. The Coronation Chair, containing the Stone of Scone, has been unquestionably used for six centuries for the crowning of our kings and queens. The history of the Stone is traced back in legend behind the mists of history. It was Jacob's pillow on the night of his vision of Angels, and he anointed it and called it the pillar of God's House.

The pillow, or pillar, was removed to Jerusalem, travelling thence first to Greece and then to Egypt. There Gathelus (whom every schoolboy knows) found it and took it to Spain and made it his throne from which he administered the law. But some time later an Irishman carried it to Ireland, and on it in 700 B.C. Simon Brech was crowned King. An unnamed Scot found it in Ireland and transferred it (temporarily, as Scots love to do) to Scotland, where it was held in veneration and used at the crowning of their kings. One of them, Kenneth, enclosed the Stone in a wooden chair, on which he graved a couplet in Latin signifying that where the Stone was, there was the Royal Throne. And certain it is that Kings of Scotland were crowned on it in Scone Abbey until the year 1296, when Edward I came on the scene to disturb the peace or add to the disturbance.

Robert the Bruce was the last King to be crowned on it in Scotland, for King Edward "Lang Schankis" removed it to Westminster Abbey in its "Chair of Merbyll." And there in truth it has remained, with a brief interlude, until to-day.

On its journey to London the Chair was badly damaged. Apparently it was made of wood, and Edward, after considering a bronze replacement, replaced the damaged Chair with one of oak, measuring 6 ft. 7 ins. by 2 ft. by 2 ft. 4 ins. The Stone, 26 ins. long by 16 ins. broad and 10½ ins. deep, fastened with chains under the seat, is flat-topped and shows chisel markings.

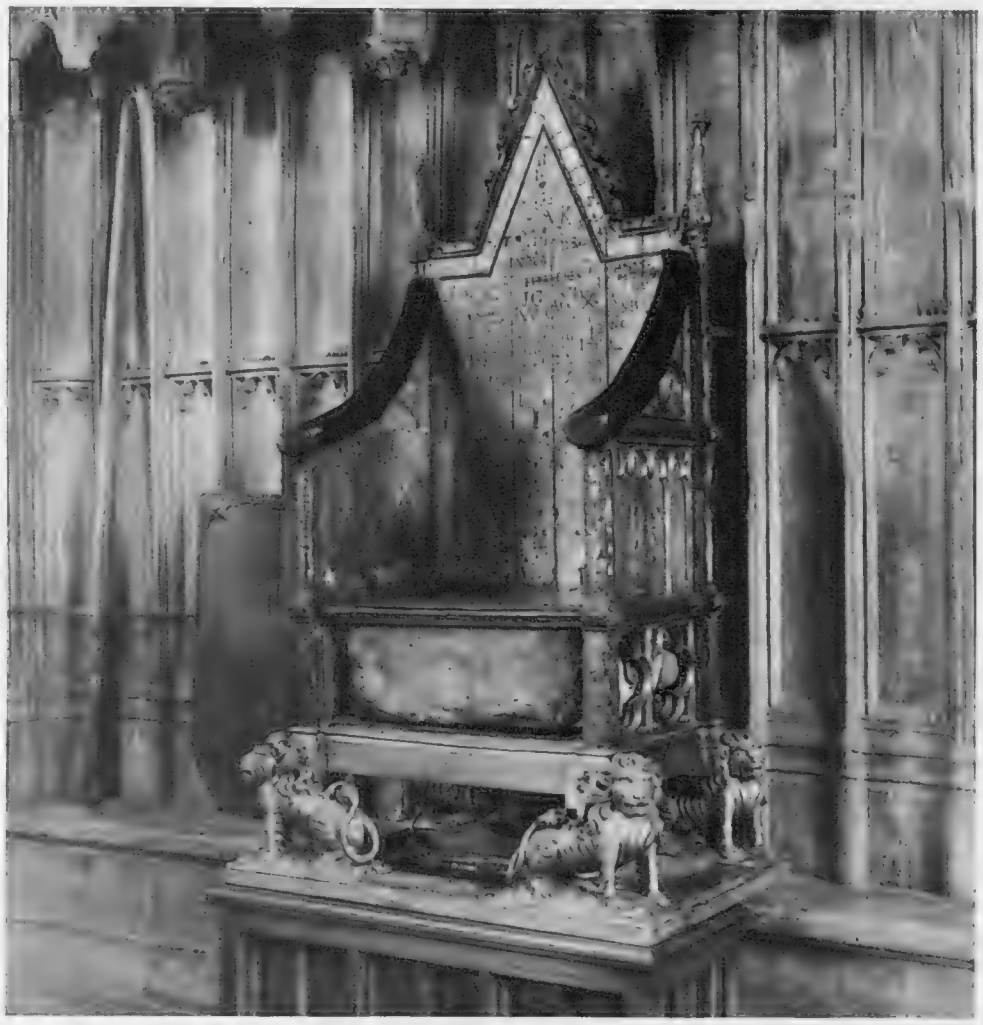
Such is the legendary history of the Stone mixed latterly with historical evidences. The Commission's lawyers dealing with the evidence would have no hesitation whatever in ruling out as hearsay and inadmissible all documentary or verbally transmitted statements earlier than the time of Kenneth of Scotland and would view with grave suspicion much of the evidences earlier than the thirteenth century A.D. The scientist-geologist would throw his cold, calculating eye over the Stone, treating it as a geological specimen, and class it as reddish-grey in colour, sandstone in texture, very similar to that used in the gateway of Dunstaffnage Castle, which no doubt at all was built of stone locally quarried. He would add that no such type of stone has ever been observed in the Hills of Tara, or in the geology of Iona, let alone of Egypt or Palestine. The Stone, at any rate, is reasonably impervious to decay and remains basically as it was when history uncontradictably accepted it.

Its frame was constantly suffering change and decay, even in legend. There is no trace of an inscription or (at least until very recent "smartenings-up") of painting or gilding, and every Coronation until that of George V has done more to hasten than to arrest decay. In earlier Coronations the Chair would be covered with cloth of gold, held in place with nails driven into the woodwork, and as late as the first Jubilee of Victoria it barely missed the ignominy of a nice coat of varnish.

The Modern Method.—How, then, would our Commission acquit themselves of the task of description of these sacred objects and of giving an account of their provenance, from which every legend or testimony not susceptible of coldly and strictly legal and scientific proof had been exorcised?

"We find," it might report, "that the Chair, known as St. Edward's or King Edward's or the Coronation Chair, was made presumably during 1300 and/or 1301 by a craftsman named Walter, 'King's painter' to Edward I. It is of oak with a high back finished with a moulding and rising in the centre in a gable with carvings, and showing signs of earlier glass mosaic. The sides have curved armrests having panelled spandrels on the outer sides. Below them is a horizontal moulding and four panels with trefoiled heads. At the back of the Chair above the quatrefoils there are six panels with trefoiled heads, the space above them being filled with panels, both pointed and rounded.

"The base of the Chair with its supporting lions is 'comparatively' modern work. The Chair has been much mutilated and many of the pointed arches are missing. Some remains of rich gilt gesso-decoration have become more visible as a result of treatment since the Coronation of George V, before which they had become barely discernible; there is reason to think that these early decorations will be still more visible at the Coronation of Elizabeth II.



THE CORONATION CHAIR AS IT WAS IN 1950, WITH THE STONE OF SCONE SECURED BENEATH IT: It was on Christmas Day in that year that the Stone was stolen, and 107 days later it was handed over at Arbroath Abbey, being deposited in the Sanctuary by three men who drove up in a car. The men placed the Stone near the spot where the Declaration of Scottish Independence was signed in 1320. At the same time they handed to the Custodian of the Abbey two explanatory letters, one addressed to the King and the other to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

THE STOLEN STONE OF SCONE LYING IN THE SANCTUARY OF ARBROATH ABBEY: After the recovery of the Stone it was removed under police guard to Glasgow, and so to London for return to the Abbey.

"The Stone called of Destiny or of Scone, let in to a box-like receptacle in the Chair above the base, now open to the front, is a roughly rectangular mass of reddish, coarse-grained sandstone, fitted at either end with iron staples and rings, to enable it to be carried on poles, probably at the time of its removal from Scotland. In some earlier period the top surface seems to have been marked out for a rectangular sinking in the centre. A small rough cutting of a Latin cross may be seen in the back edge. The sides of the Stone are much battered. There is no evidence to show whence and when it was quarried, beyond the fact that the specimen more closely resembles stone used for the gateway of Dunstaffnage Castle than any other stone known to geologists."

An Eighteenth-Century Contrast.—It is interesting to compare this account, drafted in imitation of the modern reports of experts governed by strict rules of evidence, with the account of Chair and Stone given in the officially-sponsored account of Coronation Ceremonies published in 1727.

King Edward's Chair (commonly called St. Edward's Chair) is a very antient chair of solid hard wood, with back and sides of the same variously painted (in which the Kings of Scotland were heretofore constantly crowned); but being brought to England out of that Kingdom by the Victorious Prince, King Edward I in the 24th year of his Reign, anno 1296, after he had totally overcome John Baliol, King of Scots, it has ever since remained in the Abbey of Westminster and has been the Royal Chair in which the Succeeding Kings and Queens of this Realm have been inaugurated. It is in Height Six Foot seven Inches, in Breadth, at the Bottom, 38 Inches, and in Depth 24 Inches. . . . At Nine Inches from the ground there is a Bottom Board supported by Four Lyons, and between is enclosed a Stone, commonly called Jacob's Stone or the Fatal Marble Stone, being an Oblong Square about 22 Inches long, 13 broad and 11 deep, of a blueish Steel-like Colour, mixed with some veins of Red, whereof *History* relates that it is the Stone whereon the Patriarch Jacob is said to have laid his head in the Plain of Luza: that it was brought to Brizantia in the Kingdom of Gallicia in Spain; in which place Gathol, King of Scots, sat on it, as his *Throne*. Thence it was brought into Ireland by Simon Breach, 1st King of Scots, about 700 years before Christ's time; and from thence into Scotland by King Fergus about 330 years before Christ. And in anno 850 was placed in the Abbey of Scone in the Sheriffdom of Perth by King Kenneth, who caused it to be enclosed in this wooden Chair and this Prophetical Distich to be Engraven:

> *"Ni fallat Fatum, Scoti hunc quocunque locatum*
> *Inveniunt lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."*
>
> "If fate go right, where'er this Stone is found,
> The *Scots* shall Monarchs of that Realm be crowned."

Which is the more remarkable by being fulfilled in the Person of King *James* the First, grandfather to the late most Excellent Princess Sophia, Electress Dowager of Hanover . . .

This ancient Regal Chair, having been solemnly offered by King Edward I to St. Edward the Confessor, anno 1297 (from whence it has its name of St. Edward's Chair) has ever since been kept in St. Edward's Chapel with a tablet hanging thereto, wherein are written, in the old *English* letter, these *Verses*.

[The verses beginning "*Si quid habent veri . . .*" recorded the Jacob's pillow legend and Edward's rape of the Stone with appropriate comparison of Edward with Mars and Hector and so forth.]

An illustration of the Chair in this 1727 pamphlet shows the patterns of the colour-decorations complete and clear and fresh and reveals no decay in the woodwork, at any rate from a front view. There is not a chip visible, not a piece of moulding broken, not the obliteration of a fragment of the ecclesiastic, floral pattern on the fabric. Whether much of the deterioration of the Chair has occurred since 1727 or whether this "illustration" of it in that year was imaginative rather than exact, we do not know with certainty.

If the illustration was as exact as an artist could make it, then indeed it suffered a terribly swift disintegration in the last 200 years of its long life.

It remains to say that when lawyers and scientists have purged its long history of hearsay, irrelevance and of all matter incapable of scientific proof, that history remains colourful and romantic enough for the most ardent romantic in this Coronation Year.

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LEWES

THE SUSSEX ASSIZE TOWN

A Place that Has Been Prominent in Sussex Annals Since Saxon Times

By JOHN MAY

WITH DRAWINGS BY STUART BOYLE

On left—

THE HIGH STREET, LEWES, ON A SUMMER DAY: This view, looking past the memorial of two World Wars, gives a charming glimpse of the downland countryside which is to be seen all round Lewes, the county town of East Sussex, and, since 1749, the Assize town of all Sussex. Strategically, no less than æsthetically, Lewes is in a key position, and its importance as a centre of communications is reflected in the six railway lines that radiate from it to-day. Lewes stands just at the point where the River Ouse cuts through the Downs. The town existed in Anglo-Saxon days and was a borough at the time of Domesday.

When William the Conqueror's minions were compiling the Domesday Book, Lewes, the fortress town in the great gap in the Sussex Downs, was a borough with a history going back into Saxon times. Important as it had been before the Norman Conquest, that event added immensely to its prestige, one of the most powerful and favoured of the Conqueror's companions, William de Warenne, being given the Rape of Lewes, not to mention also important territories in Norfolk and Surrey. De Warenne made Lewes head of his barony, a great Norman Castle rose over the roofs of the town and on the sunny southern slopes of Southover de Warenne built the magnificent priory of St. Pancras. Lewes thus became one of the most important centres of Norman feudalism and her priory, as head of the English province of Cluny, took a prominent part in the reform and strengthening of monasticism in England. These centralising activities in the eleventh century made for the prosperity of Lewes, which now, in the twentieth century, still holds a vital place in the affairs of the South Country, both as the county town of East Sussex and as the Assize town of all Sussex. In the following article John May surveys modern Lewes, and Stuart Boyle contributes a series of special drawings.

WHEN the clarion notes of trumpets ring and re-echo in the narrow, old-world streets of Lewes, Sussex, it is once again the time of the Assizes. Lewes is a town built within walls around a castle on a steep hill, and almost every house in it is a little chapter of picturesque history. Time was when a Judge on circuit—only one then, instead of two as now—travelled by coach to the next Assize town, and the Sheriff and his cavalcade met him on horseback at the county border. That has changed. But much remains the same in the rich judicial tradition that has stood the test of centuries, and Lewes provides for it the ideal setting.

To-day the Judges arrive in Lewes privately. The office of the Sheriff of Sussex, almost opposite the courts in the High Street, has been preparing for them for weeks, but the pageantry of red robes, horsehair wigs and trumpets does not begin until next day. Their Lordships meantime are received at a large and handsome square Georgian residence. It is appropriately solid, with window shutters inside, and stands a little way outside the town walls.

On circuit, a Judge usually travels with a small retinue—clerk, cook, butler and a Marshal who is often a young barrister invited by the Judge to act as a sort of personal aide. Sometimes, too, the Judge's wife accompanies him. Lewes has been the Assize town of Sussex for 200 years, but until comparatively recently the house for the "Judge's lodgings" was borrowed. Now St. Anne's House, midway between St. Anne's Church and Westgate, has been bought for the purpose jointly by the East and West Sussex County Councils. A policeman is near at hand to the white porticoed door night and day while the Judges are in residence, for these are the Queen's Justices, personages of extreme importance, and Her Majesty's direct representatives in the county.

Three times a year, in summer, autumn and winter, the fanfares sound in the neat and prosperous High Street of the tight, bright little town of Lewes to salute them. England and Wales are divided into seven judicial circuits, and Lewes is the last town of the South-Eastern Circuit, preceded by Huntingdon, Hertford, Cambridge, Ipswich (or Bury St. Edmunds), Norwich, Chelmsford, Kingston and Maidstone. Its autumn (December) and winter (March) Assizes as a result seem a little out of step with the seasons; the summer Assizes are held in July.

THE COUNTY HALL IN HIGH STREET, LEWES, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE EAST SUSSEX COUNTY COUNCIL: Not only are the Council meetings held here, but the Assizes also. It is a white stone-faced building with a pillared portico. Three groups of statuary adorn the façade, high above the windows. The County Hall was built in 1812, an historic year in the annals of Lewes, for it was then that the houses were numbered for the first time.

On left—

ST. ANNE'S HOUSE, THE JUDGES' LODGINGS AT THE TIME OF THE ASSIZES: This handsome Georgian house has a white portico and stands right on the roadway with low railings in front. It has just that note of austerity which the public inevitably associate in their minds with the members of the Bench.

At 10.15 on the morning when Lewes Assizes open, the High Sheriff, the High Sheriff's Chaplain and the Under-Sheriff drive by car from the Office of the Sheriff in Lewes High Street to the Judges' lodgings, where they call for the Judges, and escort them, robed and bewigged, to St. Anne's Church. The High Sheriff holds office for a year. Lord Rupert Nevill was High Sheriff of Sussex for 1952-53, but early last month the new High Sheriff, Captain E. H. Wethey, C.B.E., R.N., was sworn in for his year of office. The Under-Sheriff, a Lewes man, is Mr. E. Roy Lawrence.

St. Anne's stands high, a long, flint-walled church, with a square twelfth-century flint tower and short, slate steeple. It has a beautiful 800-year-old font carved in imitation of basket work, and centuries ago an anchorite's cell, on the site of the present vestry, was occupied by a female recluse.

Now, as the Judges alight from their car at St. Anne's, two trumpeters from Lewes Town Band, stationed on the opposite side of the road, sound a fanfare. The Assize service which follows is attended also by the Mayor and Corporation in full robes. It is a very solemn occasion, with special prayers. Says the Mayor, Alderman Hereward E. Parrish, J.P.,

(*Continued on following page*)

LEWES

THE SUSSEX ASSIZE TOWN

(*Continued from previous page*)

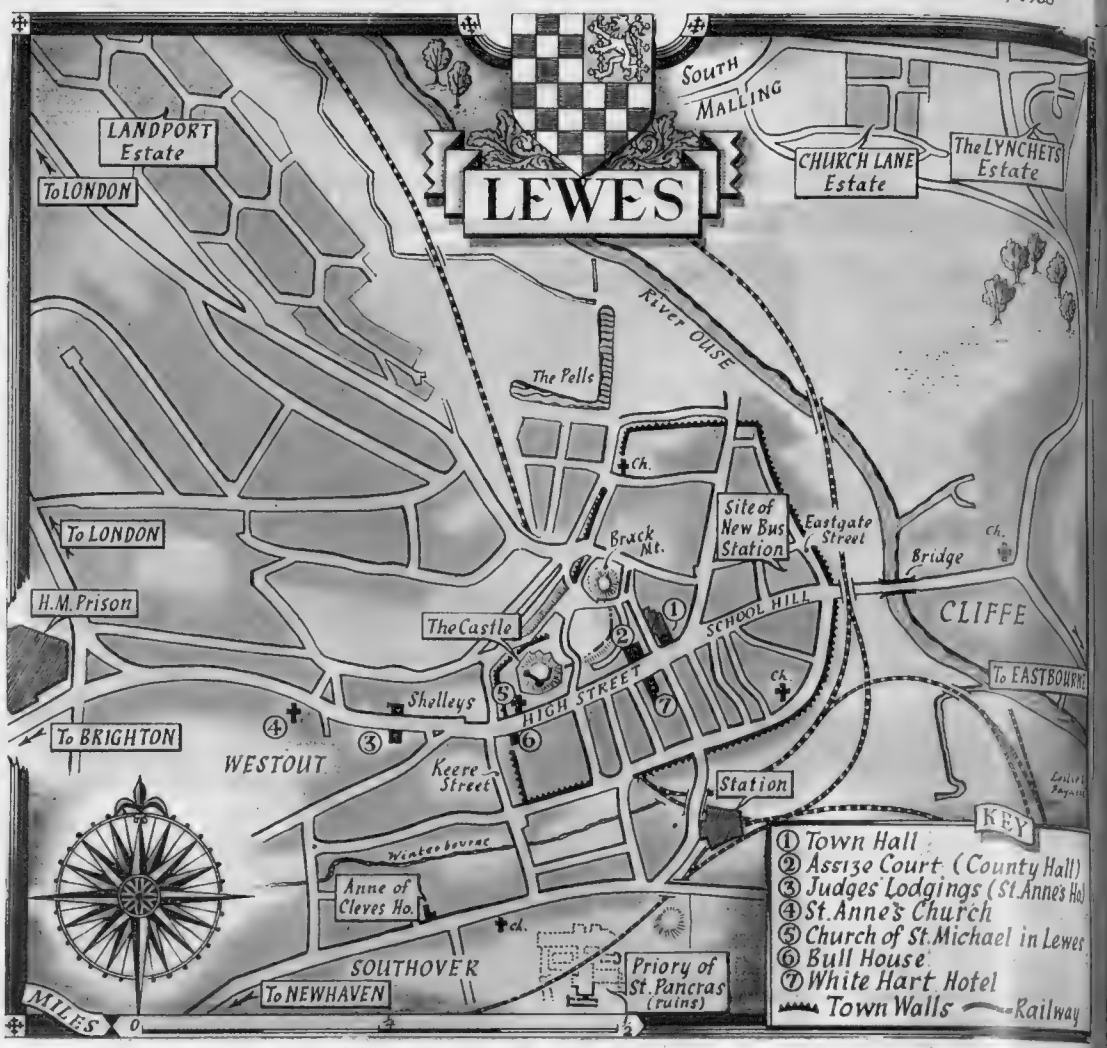
" I encourage the senior scholars from our five Lewes schools to attend the Assize service as part of their education in citizenship."

After the service the Under-Sheriff leads the procession from the church by car. All traffic is stopped. The High Sheriff and his Chaplain travel in a larger car with the Judges, and at the Assize Court the Under-Sheriff formally welcomes them. Lewes County Hall, where the courts are held, is a handsome, white Portland stone building in the centre of Lewes, built in 1812. A large crowd waits. " During the war Canadian soldiers came to County Hall as a bodyguard," a lawyer recalled, " and twenty years ago two trumpeters used to come over from Preston Barracks, Brighton, and horses were provided so that they could be mounted when they blew the fanfares." On either side of the steps of the County Hall entrance to-day a guard of police forms up at 11 a.m. The trumpets sound again as the little procession moves with dignity from the cars, up the steps and out of sight: the Under-Sheriff, the Chaplain, the High Sheriff, the two Judges side by side.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER OUSE AT LEWES: It is probable that a bridge has existed over the Ouse connecting Lewes and Cliffe from earliest times, and it figures in one of the miracles related of St. Richard de Wych. The bridge was rebuilt in the reign of Elizabeth I, repaired in 1650, again rebuilt in 1726-27, and reconstructed during 1932.

When the first Judge takes his place on the bench, the Clerk of Assize proclaims the Royal Commission under which he acts. After a stately greeting from the Queen, the Commission continues: " Know ye that we have assigned you to inquire more fully the truth of all offences and injuries whatsoever within our County of Sussex, and to deliver the Gaol thereof and to take all the Assizes, juries and certificates within our County of Sussex." This is the " Commission of Oyer and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery," the first words being Norman French and meaning " to hear and determine." The business of the court then begins, criminal cases first and civil later, though sometimes civil cases are taken at once in the second court.

Every day the traffic is stopped while the Judges drive to and from their lodgings, preceded by a motor-cycle policeman. The Assizes last generally a fortnight, but quite often longer; one Assize lasted five weeks. Morning and afternoon the police guard parades outside the County Hall. At lunch-time the White Hart Hotel, opposite the County Hall, an inn as old as Lewes Assizes, is filled with people directly or indirectly concerned with legal business. Five sets of juries attend the Assizes, giving them roughly two days each unless a case runs on.



THE TOWN OF LEWES, ASTRIDE THE RIVER OUSE IN THE GREAT GAP IN THE SUSSEX DOWNS: In this sketch-map Leslie S. Haywood shows the situation of some of the principal buildings, which for the most part lie along the High Street. The Norman Castle lies in the very centre of the town. The keep and gateways were presented to the nation in 1920. The ruins of the celebrated Priory of St. Pancras, once the chief religious house in the Province of Cluny, lie on the southern extremities of Lewes, in the area known as Southover.

THE CEMENT WORKS AT SOUTHERHAM ON THE EASTBOURNE ROAD, NEAR LEWES: Industry does not obtrude unduly in the Lewes area, and such as there is, is neatly hidden from view by the enfolding Sussex Downs.

ANNE OF CLEVES' HOUSE, IN WHICH IS THE SUSSEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S FOLKLORE MUSEUM: The house takes its name from Henry VIII's fourth Queen, to whom the Manor was granted, and it was probably built from some of the materials of Lewes Priory. The porch is Elizabethan and bears the date 1599. Within is a room with a fine stone fireplace. Among the exhibits is a series of Dutch tapestries presented by the third Earl of Chichester.

A criminal case that has made newspaper headlines may attract the outside public to Lewes in crowds, though there is not room in court for more than a couple of hundred at most. The most notorious case of recent years was that of John Haigh, the acid-bath murderer, who was charged at the Sussex Summer Assizes, at Lewes in July 1949, sentenced next day, and later executed at Wandsworth. Pull up for petrol at the garage opposite Lewes Prison and the man on the pumps will tell you: " Yes, we took Haigh from here to the Assizes; they don't have a regular conveyance at the prison."

But it is many years since executions were carried out at Lewes. The prison, well outside the town to the west, is flint-walled, with small white windows most barred. Except for the notice-board under the entrance arch, and the hint provided by Father Time on the weathervane, the building is anonymous, its high ventilation towers giving it something of the appearance of a castle. Only young offenders under twenty-one and prisoners awaiting trial are now gaoled there.

On the occasion of a famous trial, the traffic problem that perennially afflicts Lewes is probably at its worst. At a recent meeting of the County Council, the chairman of the Licensing Committee announced: " A record number of 40,000 car licences was issued from the County Hall, Lewes, in January—8,000 more than last year." The streets are nowhere really wide, and motorists here are as loath to use official parking places as they are everywhere. Such conveniences as public telephones have to be tucked down a side-alley.

The main roads in the town are the affair of the County Council. " They 've been discussing the

THE GAOL AT LEWES : It lies at the foot of St. Anne's Hill, near the west end of the town, and is not far from the site of the ancient Hospital of St. Nicholas. The gaol, where the prisoners are held before being tried at the Assizes, looks like a flint-walled castle. It has trees in front, but apart from barred windows there is little indication that it is a prison.

IN PICTURESQUE FISHER STREET : This is one of the more important thoroughfares of Lewes, for it contains several of the Council offices, the very hub of local government. From the hill-top the streets descend abruptly to Southover.

LOOKING DOWN KEERE HILL FROM THE HIGH STREET : The hill seen at the point where it begins its steep descent. At the foot of the hill lies Southover and its Priory.

problem with Lewes Council, the police, the local Chamber of Commerce and the Ministry of Transport," said a motorist, "for the last *seven* years!"

Nub of the problem is that whichever way traffic approaches the town, there is only one bridge over the Ouse. At the foot of School Hill, a continuation of High Street, this bridge is so humpy as to obscure vehicles coming from the opposite direction, and so narrow that a kerb down the centre is necessary to separate safely the two streams of traffic. The town has a dozen temporary parking-places, but now a new bus station is being made at Eastgate Street to help relieve congestion.

The Lewes traffic problem is the penalty of a beautiful setting. The chain of the Downs, through which the river breaks, turns southwards on the east side of the Ouse. So, as the High Street falls down School Hill to the waterside and bridge, it is faced on the other side by a sheer wall which gives this part the name of Cliffe. Guarding the way between these two groups of hills (one being eaten into by a cement works visible from the railway station), Lewes not only stands at a convergence of highways, but is the centre from which six railway lines also radiate. The present population is mounting towards 15,000, and the town shares with East Sussex as a whole the problem of over-spill immigrants from London, Kent, Surrey, Croydon and Brighton. New council housing is being erected at Landport, at Church Lane and Malling.

"As a social centre," says the Mayor, "Lewes is tremendously busy and popular." He has had three active years in office, and the Mayor-Elect, who takes over this month, is Alderman James Bennett. The present Mayor has welcomed visitors from Lewes, U.S.A., from Blois, in the Loire Valley (the children of forty Lewes families now exchange visits with French homes), and from all over the world. Two years ago the Queen paid the first Royal visit to the town since William IV and Queen Adelaide stayed overnight in 1831.

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PICTURESQUE SOUTHOVER GRANGE : Now owned by the Lewes Borough Council, this fine Elizabethan house was built in 1572 by William Newtown, Steward to the Earl of Dorset, then the Lord of the Manor.

THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BOOKSHOP : The inscription on the stone which is let into the highly picturesque half-timbered dwelling reads "fifty miles from The Standard in Cornhill, 49 to Westminster Bridge, and eight miles to Brighthelmstone."

ST. ANNE'S CHURCH : This is where the Mayor of Lewes, the Corporation, the Judges and the Sheriffs go to attend Divine Service before the Assizes. This church, originally dedicated to St. Mary, has a twelfth-century nave, south chapel and west tower.

LEWES: THE SUSSEX ASSIZE TOWN

THE BAR MESS IN THE WHITE HART HOTEL AT LEWES: This room is used by barristers during the period of the Assizes at Lewes. The wooden-panelled wall on the left of the drawing is removable, and this in earlier days, before the courts were built, was used as the courtroom. The White Hart has a remarkable history. Its chief association is with the name and fame of Thomas Paine, for here the author of *The Rights of Man* presided over the Headstrong Club in the days before he went out to America. The Club's raging political discussions were the talk of the town.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL, IN HIGH STREET: The celebrated hotel and favourite resort of Tom Paine stands opposite the County Hall. Parts of the building date back to the fourteenth century.

(Concluded from previous page)

There is much for visitors to see. The Market Place once occupied the High Street where now the Judges enter the County Hall for the Assizes. On the site of the County Hall was a sessions house built on arches, with whipping post and stocks near by. The present red-brick town hall was the old Star Inn, and a tablet on the wall records that in the vaults beneath were imprisoned ten of the martyrs who were burned at the stake outside in 1555. "We're still a great town for bonfires!" Lewes citizens tell you. There are half-a-dozen bonfire societies.

Much of Lewes is even older than it appears. The bowling green in the castle precincts has been played upon for three centuries. Houses with eighteenth-century fronts have interiors 400 years old. Stories attach to many buildings: the Bull House, where lived the writer and revolutionary Thomas Paine; the tobacconist's that was formerly the Church of St. Mary-in-the-Market; and Shelleys (opposite the Judges' lodgings), an inn in 1577, a private residence for over 300 years, and now a hotel again.

Anyone from West Sussex will remind you that though Lewes is the Assize town of Sussex, it is the capital of East Sussex only. The cathedral city of Chichester is county town of West Sussex. Each has its own county council, and there is friendly rivalry. "I always feel that Chichester has an unctuous atmosphere of piety," said a Lewes councillor. "Lewes? Well, perhaps the Assizes make us a bit self-righteous, too!"

LEWES CASTLE FROM THE TOWN: The castle built by William de Warenne to defend his barony, the gift of William the Conqueror, is built of massive flints laid in courses which form a rough herring-bone pattern. The castle ceased to be a residence after the death of the last de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, in 1347. The castle was rented by the Sussex Archæological Society in 1850 as a museum, and in 1920, by the munificence of the late Sir Charles Thomas Stanford, it passed into the permanent possession of the Society.

On left—
THE BULL HOUSE CAFÉ AT THE CORNER OF BULL LANE: Here, across the façade, it is proclaimed in large letters, "lived Thomas Paine, writer and revolutionary." The property, which is owned by the Sussex Archæological Trust, was built in 1450. It has links with the Stuart days and with the Civil War.

On right—
THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY BARBICAN OF LEWES CASTLE: The Barbican, which was built by the last de Warenne, is one of the best surviving examples in the country. It has lost the upper part of its eastern flanking tower, but its archways are complete, as well as the fine machicolations on the south front.

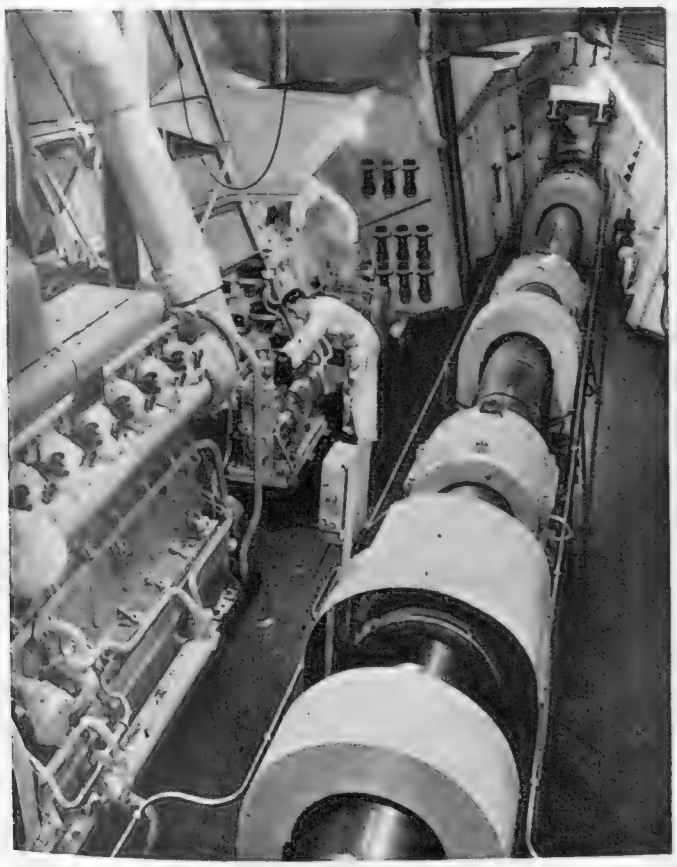
THE FOREDECK OF THE LARGEST OIL TANKER EVER LAUNCHED ON THE CLYDE: This picture of the 32,000-ton oil tanker *British Sailor* was taken as she entered Gladstone Dock, Liverpool, in preparation for her sea trials prior to her maiden voyage to Banias, the Mediterranean terminal of the Iraq Petroleum Company's 556-mile pipe-line from Kirkuk. The ship is due back in the United Kingdom this week-end, bringing about 30,000 tons of crude oil to the Scottish oil port of Finnart, on Loch Long. The crude oil will then be piped across Scotland to the Anglo-Iranian Company's new Grangemouth refinery on the Firth of Forth.

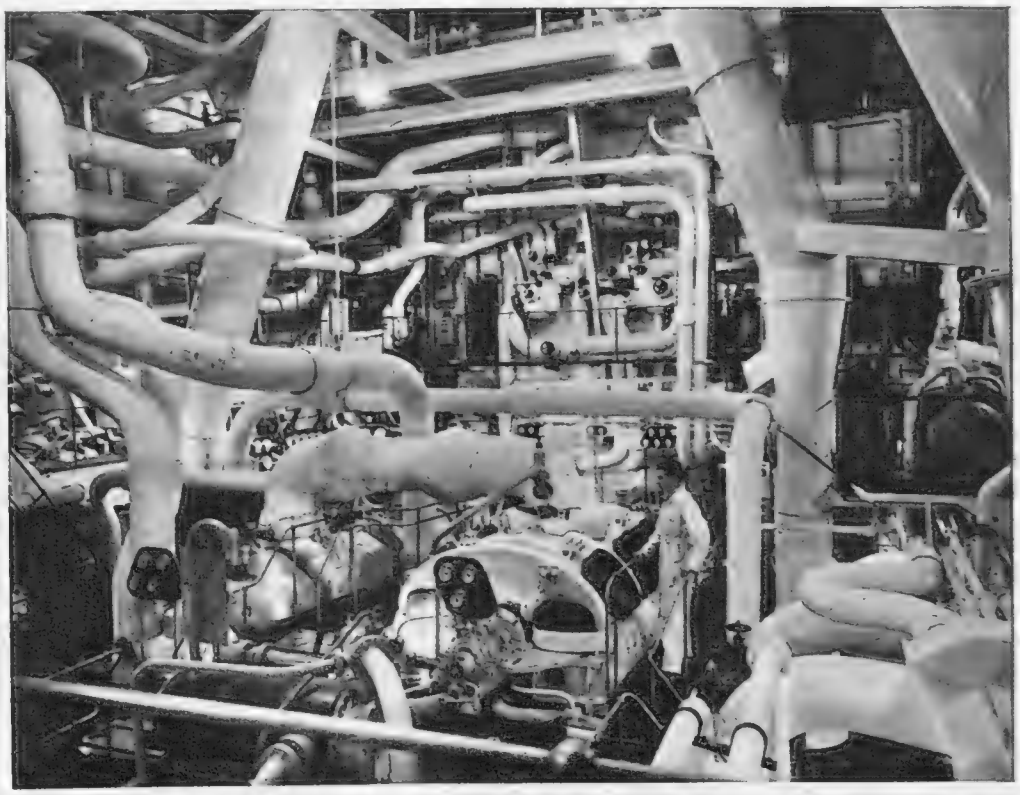
"BRITISH SAILOR" GOES DOWN TO THE SEA

And After Her Trials Makes Her Maiden Voyage, Bringing Back 30,000 Tons of Crude Oil to Britain's Refineries

In order to feed the new refineries springing up in Britain, the British Tanker Company, the shipping organisation of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, has ordered thirteen new tankers, each with a deadweight of 32,000 tons. The first of these new ships to go into service is the *British Sailor*, which is expected back from her maiden voyage to Banias this week-end, bringing with her over 30,000 tons of crude oil for the Grangemouth refinery. *British Sailor* was built at the Clydeside yards of John Brown and Co. Ltd. and completed in a Mersey dry-dock, as there was no dry-dock big enough to accommodate her on the Clyde. Her overall length is 665 ft. and her extreme breadth is 86 ft. 10 ins. There are thirty oil tanks placed three abreast, with the cargo pump-room situated aft of the tanks. Accommodation is arranged amidships and aft, and two swimming-pools are provided for the officers and crew. After her next voyage the tanker, which is commanded by Captain J. C. Lea, Commodore of the British Tanker Company, is expected to go to Spithead to represent the Company at the Coronation Naval Review. The *British Sailor* is not the first ship of this name to serve in the British Tanker Company's fleet. The previous *British Sailor*, of 8,450 d.w. tons was built in 1918 and completed thirty-three years service with the B.T.C. before she was sold in September 1951. Alongside the yard where the *British Sailor* was built is the hull of one of her sister-ships, the *British Soldier*, which is due to be launched in the course of September.

THE "BRITISH SAILOR" LEAVES THE CLYDE: She is the first of thirteen similar-sized tankers being built, or on order, for the British Tanker Company, the shipping organisation of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. The ship was launched last December and underwent her trials over the Admiralty mile on the Clyde last month. *On right*—Members of the crew are seen operating cargo valves. The tanker has a complement of sixty-two.





INSIDE THE ENGINE-ROOM: This is a view looking aft, while the picture *on the left* shows the after-end of the engine-room, illustrating the intermediate shafting and the Diesel generator. The ship is powered by a Parson's double-reduction turbine engine made by John Brown, giving a service speed of over 14 knots.

TROOPING THE COLOUR ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY : This was the scene at the Royal Marine Barracks, Eastney, Portsmouth, during the St. George's Day Parade. This was the first time that the Trooping ceremony had taken place at Eastney for twenty-one years. The salute was taken by the Hon. Colonel-Commandant, Major-General G. E. Wildman Lushington, a former Chief of Combined Operations. In London Mr. Churchill proposed the toast of England at a St. George's Day dinner given by the Honourable Artillery Company. Mr. Churchill asked his audience to imagine what would happen if St. George returned. He would probably not have a horse but a secretariat; he would be armed not by a lance but by several flexible formulæ; he would propose a conference with the Dragon, and then lend the Dragon a lot of money.

APRIL 23

ST. GEORGE'S DAY AND SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY; CELEBRATIONS AT PORTSMOUTH AND AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Below—

UNFURLING THE FLAGS OF THE NATIONS ON SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON : The band playing during the unfurling ceremony in the High Street on the 389th anniversary of Stratford's most famous son. Visitors from overseas and from many parts of the country thronged Stratford for the occasion. Among the eighty-two flags pride of place went to the new flag presented by the Queen, Patron of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, which arrived from Buckingham Palace on the Saturday before the ceremony. Another new flag, that of Japan, was flown for the first time since the war. Among the representatives of fifty-six nations were sixteen Ambassadors, twelve Ministers and four High Commissioners. They and other guests were present at a ceremony at the theatre when Lord Iliffe unveiled a memorial to Sir Archibald Flower.

THE BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS SETS OUT ON TOUR: The steam is up and one of the three trains is ready to leave the Ascot headquarters. The single passenger coach accommodates some members of the staff, such as grooms. Others travel in their own waggons, which are drawn on to the flat-cars and firmly braced for the journey in the manner of the freight waggons shown in the foreground.

THE CIRCUS GOES ON TOUR

The Start of the Tenting Season, with About Three Dozen Circuses Leaving Their Winter Quarters Behind as They Set Out to Tour the Country

By ANTONY HIPPISLEY-COXE

WITH SPECIAL "SPHERE" PHOTOGRAPHS BY GABOR DENES

A FEW days ago a certain fanatic took out of a drawer a small box full of paper flags and began to stick them into a wall-map of Great Britain. He was not planning a spring sales drive, nor was he plotting a revolution. . . . A glance at the advertisements in the newspaper on his desk would have given you a clue.

One read :—

WANTED WANTED
GOOD TOP-MAN ABOUT 8 STONE TO JOIN FIRST-CLASS CARPET ACT.
All comms. to .....

And another :

VACANT
owing to misunderstanding,
LION TRAINER,
P.A. .....

The man with the flags was, in fact, a circus fan, but to me the most interesting thing about him was the number of flags on his map. According to these there will be about three dozen circuses tenting through the country this summer. A few of them are already on the road, but most are getting ready. And "getting ready" can mean almost anything.

Down behind a large house on the outskirts of Crawley, Stanley Raymer and his son John showed me the new lighting plant for Raymer Brothers' Circus. Last year they had bought an old fire-engine. Perhaps "old" is the wrong adjective, for, no matter what the model, it has only done 9,000 miles, and it is both sturdy and fast. The motor which once drove the pumps now turns the dynamos. But the Raymers were not content to let the conversation rest at that. In their opinion too much room was taken up by the driving position being placed behind the engine; and, after all, the coachwork was a little old-fashioned. So they moved the driver's seat, the steering column, the clutch, the brake and the gears up alongside the engine; then they designed and built a new body. These two circus artistes are justifiably proud of their work, and when young John said, "If you hear a bang, then you 'll know that we 've crashed through the sound barrier," I felt he might well be right.

Raymer Brothers' Circus is a real family show, and it has all the warmth and intimacy that this implies. Twelve horses and ponies, a wild Syrian ass and nine dogs make up the animal contingent. Stanley, his two sons, David and John, and his wife Olivia form the backbone of the programme : they work as trick-riders, aerialists, trainers, an illusionist and clown. But they have just taken on a young factory girl who had sawdust in her shoes, and they are training her in voltige and trapeze work. Two other professional acts, Ricardo, who throws knives at Pauline, and Sylvia, who walks the wire, are due to join before the show sets out. With Patch, the Educated Pony, Shadhid, the Fire Horse, and the two troupes of dogs, it makes a pretty full programme and good value.

TENTING BEGINS IN EARNEST: The king poles have been set up, the Big Top is spread out on the ground, and hoisting begins, at first by man-power. As the weight increases, winches are brought into play in order to take the strain.

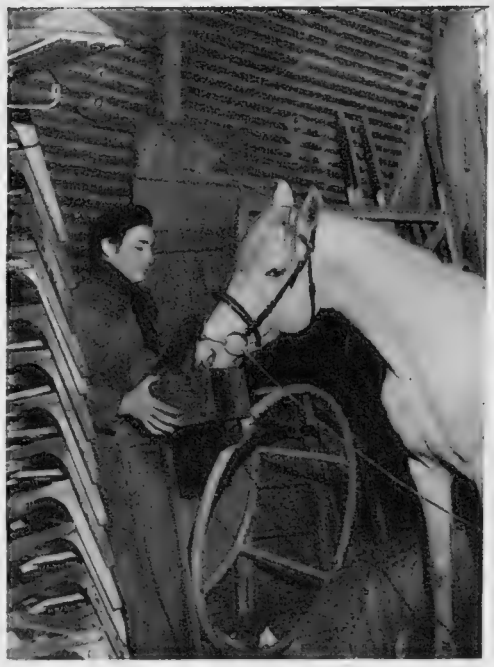
But there is still a lot to do before the money comes in through the pay-box window. There is the coach-work of the living-waggon (a converted Midland Red omnibus) to repair; the brakes of the Leyland lorry to be relined, and the roof of the Crossley horse-box to be mended. By now the 70-ft. Big Top has been checked and patched, the ropes tested and the poles painted, but there is always the daily care of the animals; and there is always practice.

From the branch of a tree, down past the barn, hangs a trapeze; beneath it lies an old mattress and a heap of straw. Here Shirley, the factory girl, is learning to become an aerialist. Most training for both acrobatics and trick-riding includes work on a safety

(*Continued on following pages*)

THE CIRCUS GOES ON TOUR

CIRCUS ADVERTISING TAKES ON A TRADITIONAL FORM: This is one of the multi-coloured posters issued by Sir Robert Fossett's Mammoth Jungle Circus. The posters are reproduced in bulk with a space below the title-head for the time and place of presentation in each particular town which is visited by the Circus during its summer tour.



THE LAST DAYS BEFORE GOING ON TOUR AT THE WINTER QUARTERS OF SIR ROBERT FOSSETT'S CIRCUS ON FARM IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE: *Left*—Signor Renato Anastasini teaching Raymonde, the wonder horse, new trick for the new season—how to find a handkerchief in a box. *Right*—A baby elephant is through the farmyard from the stables to the practice ring by his trainer, Mr. Willy Sterndo

FOSSETTS TRAVEL BY ROAD: Here a heavily-laden lorry is leaving the winter quarters of the circus Northamptonshire carrying the Big Top and some of the poles. In a few hours it will reach first stand of the new season, and the crew will get to work erecting the Big Top. To- the fourth Robert Fossett is in charge of this Circus which has gained steadily in fame during past hundred years. The original Robert Fossett sold sweetmeats in London's Petticoat La

(*Continued from previous page*)

lunge, which consists of a rope, one end of which is fastened to the belt of the pupil and the other led up through a pulley and down to the hand of the master. In trick-riding lessons the pulley is often fixed to the top of a boom which, like the jib of a crane, can move round in a circle; in this way it can always be kept directly above the horse as it canters round the ring. But Shirley has not got to the stage of standing upright on a horse's back yet: that will come later when they are all under canvas. Just now she is learning to leap on and off the horse's back round the practice ring in the meadow.

Looking round these winter quarters I could not help thinking that it would take three months to get all the jobs done without help, but Stanley Raymer only smiled. "We 'll do it," he said, "in three weeks." And then he added, almost as a qualification, "As long as there are twenty-four hours in the day."

Yet there was still time for a cup of Mrs. Raymer's coffee and a chat in front of the gleaming stove in that snug and spotless blue-lined caravan. "It 's lucky that you don't have to shoe the horses," I said, for ring stock are never shod, and my mind was still on the many jobs which remained to be done. "That 's true," said Raymer. Then his son John chipped in: "Did you know that in Germany it was actually illegal to shoe rosinbacks and liberties? Yes, ever since a circus horse cast a shoe which flew into the audience and hit the Kaiser's sister."

And so the conversation became more general and turned to other topics. How the Christmas circuses fared. . . . How the Chipperfields have now got the Biggest Top in England, made specially for them in Germany, so they can put on Roman Chariot Races. . . . How the Fossetts have also got a Continental type of tent this year, with four king poles set square instead of the traditional English two-pole tent. . . .

Sir Robert Fossett's Circus! Up at Hopping Hill, outside Northampton, they would be getting ready too. Here the emphasis is on wild animals, lions, tigers, panthers, bears and elephants, besides horses and dogs. In fact, the Fossetts have so many Big Cats that this year they have sent five tigers to work in Germany with the Harry Williams Circus (which, since the owner was killed chariot-racing at Harringay three years ago, is run by his widow) and another four lions to tour round England with George Sanger. Yet the original Robert Fossett, long before he created himself a baronet, sold sweetmeats in Petticoat Lane, and graduated to the circus with the help of some fortune-telling birds and an educated pony. The Fossetts have come a long way in under a hundred years.

This blue-eyed, red-haired clan, which is said to number nearly seventy, a few years ago were responsible for at least four circuses on the road. The cadet branches of the family have travelled under many names: Ringland's, Heckenberg's Berlin Tower, Anglo-French, Colman Brothers, and so on. But the heirs to the baronetcy, as it were, have always remained faithful to "Sir Robert Fossett's Circus." To-day the fourth Robert (who, like his father, was also a champion jockey rider of the ring) has his name on the side of the waggons, but behind him stands the remarkable figure of his mother, eighty-three-year-old Belle Fossett, once Isobella Bailey, who plays a strong matriarchal role. With Robert you will find his brother Bailey and his sister Mary. Bailey is the animal trainer, and it is he who presents the mixed group of lions, tigers, Himalayan bears, and spotted and black panthers. In an age when courtesy titles seem to be dying out (after all, co- no longer have to be called "Mrs."), it is pleasant find that this second Fossett son is always billed "Captain" Bailey.

But if you visit Hopping Hill you will soon rea- that the principal animal is not one of the big cats or an elephant or even one of the horses, but Mary Fossett's small "canine ballerina," Shoo-shoo. It Isobella and Shoo-shoo between them who run Fossett show, and they stand no nonsense. There in fact, so little nonsense about Hopping Hill that first it seems almost disappointing. The very idea lions, tigers, panthers, elephants and bears in the mid- of Northamptonshire leads one to expect something little exotic, yet everything is surprisingly norm- Men and women go about their work in dungare- and their work seems almost humdrum. One mig- have expected at least to see someone painting so- gaudy rococo lettering on the side of a waggon, gilding the "props" for an animal act. But, when come to think of it, why waste time painting wagg- and props *now*, when you have a permanent staff tent-men, and are working only three-day stands With three days in one place they will have plenty time on their hands between build-up and pull-dow- there is no sense in paying men to be idle.

Both the Raymers and the Fossetts travel by roa- and so do all the other shows, bar one. Bertram M- Circus moves by rail. Even in its method of travel is in a class apart. If one asks what it is that mak- Mills' different, I think the answer would be— because it was bigger or spent more money or book- better acts—but that it is the most meticulous of circuses.

PRACTISING NEW TRICKS FOR THE COMING SEASON: *Left*—Shirley, the apprentice, is being taught how to pick up three flags in succession while lying in a slantwise position across her two mounts. Stanley Raymer, the head of Raymer Brothers' Circus, watches her performance. *Right*—John Raymer practising tricks on the trapeze in company with Shirley, a new recruit to the circus.

AN OLD FAVOURITE AMONG CIRCUS TURNS: Mrs. Raymer's own act, "Olivia's Jewels," is well known. Here the star among her performing dogs is seen leaping into Mrs. Raymer's arms from a ladder held by Mr. Raymer. When this picture was taken, the circus was completing its preparations for the coming season.

THE BERTRAM MILLS ELEPHANTS PERFORMING BENEATH THE BIG TOP WHEN ENGAGED ON TOUR: To tens of thousands of Londoners and visitors to London they bring pleasure during the Christmas holiday season, and when summer comes, working in a smaller ring before smaller but no less enthusiastic audiences, they reveal their prowess in the provincial towns and cities.

THIS IS ONIANO, "THE ONLY SYRIAN WILD ASS EVER TO APPEAR IN ANY CIRCUS RING": He is seen going through his act at winter quarters with his trainer, Stanley Raymer, the head of the Raymer Circus family. Oniano was born at Whipsnade Zoo, in Bedfordshire.

Down at the winter quarters near Ascot, acts are rehearsed, timed, cut and rehearsed again, until the whole programme runs to a split second. This sense of precision planning seems to permeate even the carpenter's shop, the engineering plant, the forge, the electrical department, wardrobe, saddlery and paint-loft. Each member of a staff 200 strong has a job to do and does it with quiet efficiency. While Ascot hums with last-minute preparations for the road, the first and second advance teams are way ahead in the provinces, booking grounds, ordering forage, arranging for water and posting bills; while at Dorset Square routes are being planned, estimates checked, and accounts analysed, for here the Circus is Big Business.

But it is the loading-up of the trains which to me shows the Mills organisation at its best. Each of the three trains is made up of flat, sideless railway waggons called "macaws." The gaps between these macaws are bridged so that the whole train forms one long platform. Then from an end-loading bay a tractor pushes the first laden road vehicle down the full length of the train until it reaches the first macaw. There it is chocked down while the tractor returns along the empty macaws for another circus waggon, which is then pushed up to the first. As the macaws are loaded so the bridges over the buffers are removed, and each journey becomes shorter until the last waggon is pushed on to the last macaw and the train is complete. All three trains are loaded so that the material needed first the next morning is put on last, for the unloading is exactly the reverse of the loading. On arriving at its destination the train is shunted into an end-loading bay, the gaps are once more bridged, and one after another the circus waggons are pulled off and towed away to the circus field, usually on the outskirts of the town.

But even if you were to ride, as I did, on the first tractor of all, you would find that someone had been on the field before you, and that the giant king poles were already standing in position. This is the result of another piece of careful planning. Mills travels with two sets of king poles. The ones used here will go not to the next town but the one beyond, so that they will be ready and waiting to take the canvas when it arrives.

Well, we 've seen the winter quarters of three out of three dozen circuses. Much the same has been going on in all of them. And much the same thoughts have been passing through the minds of the circus people wherever they may happen to be. The Circus is a risky business, both physically and financially; but they are not worrying about life or limb. Weather can make or break them no less than the farmer, but, unlike him, they have no assured market; bread will always come before circuses. Wind, rain, hail, fire, slump, strikes—these are some of the things they dread. The lions starved in Naples for economic reasons, and the Great Carmo went out of business because his Big Top was twice destroyed, by fire and by snow, within a few weeks.

Good weather (but not too sunny at the seaside, so that people prefer to stay on the beach); good tobers (which is circus slang for fields), with no awkward entrances, well-drained and near the centre of the town; and good houses—these are the things they hope for.

And, in the meantime, it 's make and mend, paint and patch, and practice all the time.

SHAKESPEARE and SHAW

BERNARD MILES AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE; NOËL COWARD AT BRIGHTON; REVUE AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE

THE FIRST THEATRE INSIDE THE BOUNDARIES OF THE CITY OF LONDON FOR 200 YEARS: Advance booking begins at Bernard Miles's Elizabethan Mermaid Theatre at the Royal Exchange for next Monday's opening night of *As You Like It*.

AN ELIZABETHAN THEATRE AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE: Mr. Bernard Miles and members of his cast on the stage of the Mermaid Theatre, which has been set up within the quadrangle of the Royal Exchange. Next Monday, the season will open with *As You Like It*, to be followed on May 21 with Kirsten Flagstad in *Dido and Æneas*; on June 10 with Ben Jonson, Chapman and Marston's *Eastward Ho!*; and, on July 1, with *Macbeth*. Bernard Miles first opened his Mermaid Theatre in the garden of his house in St. John's Wood in 1951. The stage, designed to be transportable, has now found its way to the pavement trodden by Queen Elizabeth I in 1571, when she commanded the trumpets to be sounded and Gresham's Burse to be known as the Royal Exchange. On May 4 an announcement will be posted outside the building declaring that "We, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, at the contemplation of Letters of Bernard Miles and other poor players of London, and having regard to the Season and that her Majesty sometimes takes delight in such pastimes, do welcome the said Bernard Miles and his Mermaid Theatre Company . . . . . "

On left—

NOËL COWARD IN A SHAW PLAY: Margaret Leighton as Orinthia and Noël Coward as King Magnus in Bernard Shaw's *The Apple Cart*, which was revived with great success at Brighton last week. Mr. Coward has not made a stage appearance for six years, although he has written and produced a musical comedy and two new comedies, and has had an enthusiastic reception for his cabaret turn at the Café de Paris. In *The Apple Cart* he makes his first appearance for many years in a play not written by himself. The production will be seen in the West End at the Haymarket Theatre next Thursday.

"AIRS ON A SHOESTRING": Laurier Lister's new intimate revue at the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square. *Above*—Moyra Fraser and Jack Gray (centre) in one of the colourful dance numbers. *On left*—Denis Quilley, Bernard Hunter and Charles Ross sing farewell to the last tram in *Last of the Line*, against a typical backcloth designed by Emett. The new revue has been chosen for the opening production of the Royal Court as a public theatre. Previously the theatre had been run as a club. *Airs on a Shoestring* is a successor to the very popular *Penny Plain*, and seems set to repeat the earlier revue's success.

MR. CHURCHILL AT A PRIMROSE LEAGUE MEETING BEFORE LEAVING FOR WINDSOR CASTLE: The Prime Minister applauded as he arrived to address the meeting at the Royal Albert Hall. Later in the day he drove down to Windsor Castle, where he met the Queen on her return from Badminton. In the Castle Her Majesty received Mr. Churchill in audience, conferring upon him the honour of Knighthood and investing him with the Insignia of a Knight Companion of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. Mr. Churchill thus became the first commoner to receive this highest of British orders since Sir Austen Chamberlain received it in 1925.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL INVESTED AT WINDSOR

The Prime Minister is Created a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and Spends the Night at Windsor Castle as Guest of the Queen

On right—

DRIVING AWAY FROM WINDSOR CASTLE AFTER HE HAD BEEN HONOURED BY THE QUEEN: Sir Winston Churchill en route to Chequers. In company with Lady Churchill he spent the night at the Castle, and set out for his official residence in Buckinghamshire after a luncheon party with the Queen. The Prime Minister's new title calls to mind the progenitor of his line, Sir Winston Churchill, Member of Parliament, Controller of the Board of Green Cloth, and father of the 1st Duke of Marlborough and Arabella Churchill.

THE N.A.T.O. MEETINGS IN PARIS

And Luncheon to the Delegates Given by the French Foreign Minister, M. Bidault

SIGNING THE OFF-SHORE CONTRACTS: In this picture, taken at a meeting of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation at the Palais de Chaillot, Mr. John L. Gray is signing for Britain. Seated on the left and in conversation are Field-Marshal Lord Alexander, Britain's Minister of Defence, and Mr. Wilson, the U.S. Defence Secretary. The contracts include an order for 550 fighters to the value of over £53,000,000. This is the largest American off-shore purchase made in Britain.

The big news at the end of the first day's meeting of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation in Paris was the size of the orders given to British manufacturers in off-shore purchases. This purchase includes about 450 Hawker Hunter fighters and 100 Sea Hawks. The previous largest order, announced last December, was for Centurion tanks to be supplied to the Netherlands and Denmark under the joint N.A.T.O. Defence. Another feature of the opening of the N.A.T.O. session was the luncheon given by M. Bidault, who is in the very forefront of controversy at the moment owing to French doubts and fears over the question of the European Army. M. Bidault has not really made the position any clearer, and, with the Soviet Peace offensive to reckon with, the date of ratification of the European Army Plan still remains obscure.

BEFORE THE LUNCHEON AT THE EIFFEL TOWER, GIVEN BY M. BIDAULT, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, TO DELEGATES OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY NATIONS MEETING IN PARIS: From left to right are Signor de Gasperi, the Italian Prime Minister, Madame Bidault, Mr. John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State, Mr. Austen Butler, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, M. Bidault, and M. Van Zeeland of Belgium.

M. BIDAULT ADDRESSES THE N.A.T.O. MINISTERS AFTER WINING AND DINING THEM AT THE EIFFEL TOWER: The French Foreign Minister delivering his speech, with Signor de Gasperi, the Italian Prime Minister, on his right hand. After attending this luncheon the delegates returned to the Palais de Chaillot.

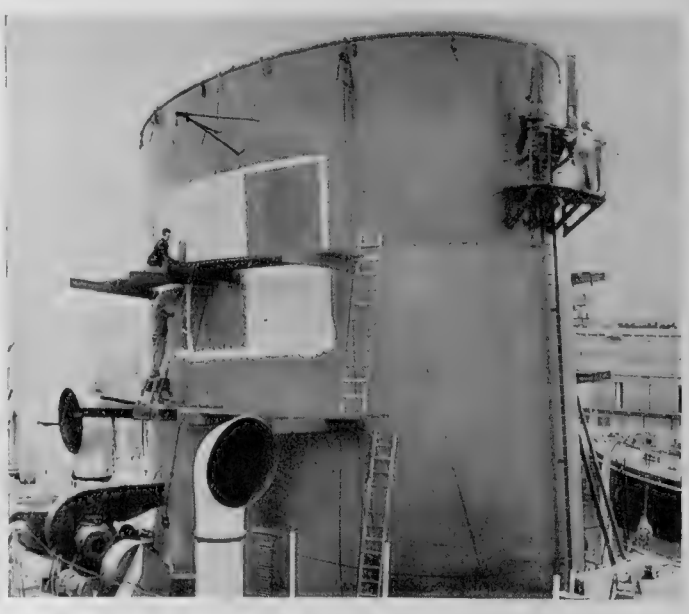
FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

A SURVEY OF HOME EVENTS IN PICTURES

On left—

PARLIAMENT SQUARE TAKES ON A "K... LOOK" FOR THE CORONATION: ... unusual view of the Corona... stands which have recently ... built in Parliament Square. In ... picture workmen are seen fixing ... canvas covering which will pro... the stands during bad weather. ... construction of stands along all ... of the Coronation procession route ... be finished well before June 2, alth... the final touches will not be added ... a few days before the ceremony. Al... some of the stands are occupied ... many of the corners formed by the ... work of tubular steel pipes and plan... wood, pigeons have built nests and ... of them have strengthened their cl... to "squatters' rights" by laying ...

A LINER CHANGES HER LIVERY—THE FORMER FRENCH VESSEL "DE GRASSE," WHICH HAS BEEN ACQUIRED BY CANADIAN PACIFIC IN PLACE OF THE BURNED-OUT "EMPRESS OF CANADA," AND WHICH HAS BEEN RENAMED "EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA": The liner is seen at Birkenhead, where she was being painted in the traditional white of an "Empress" instead of the black and red of her French livery. *On right*—Workmen marking out the Canadian Pacific house flag on the funnel of the *Empress of Australia*. She is also being refitted in readiness for her task of bringing thousands of tourists across the Atlantic for the Coronation. The *De Grasse*, a vessel of 20,000 tons, was built at Birkenhead in 1924 and can accommodate about 700 passengers. As *Empress of Australia* she will make the journey between Liverpool and Montreal in eight days. She was bought from the French Line soon after the loss of the *Empress of Canada*, which burned out and capsized in the Gladstone Dock at Liverpool last January. Divers have been examining the submerged parts of the hull of the *Empress of Canada* and if it proves possible to recondition her the cost will be in the region of £1,200,000.



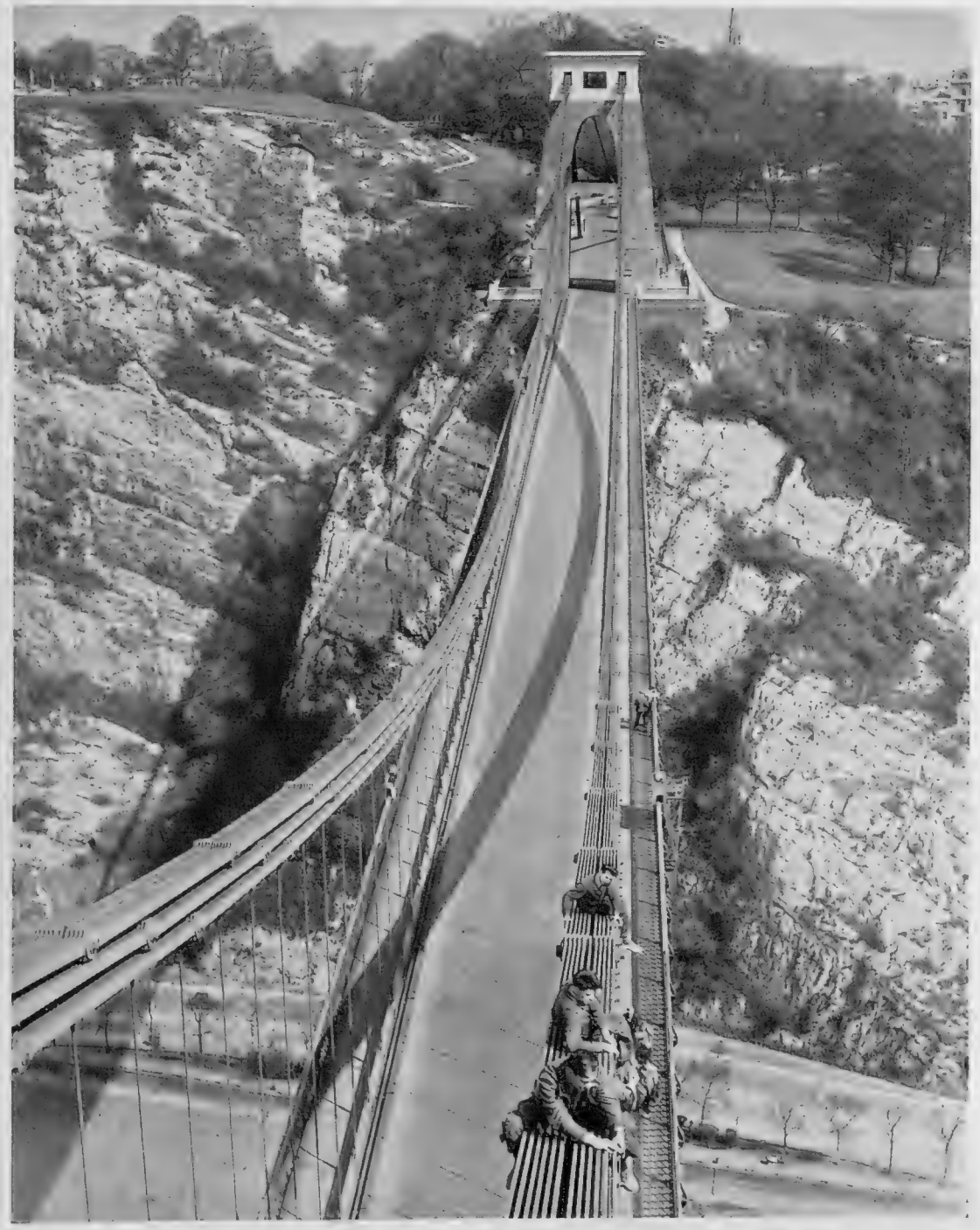
A TENDER LANDING PASSENGERS FROM THE "QUEEN MARY" ... PLYMOUTH, WHERE SHE WAS DIVERTED BECAUSE OF A STRIKE ... TUG-MEN AT SOUTHAMPTON: Port officials and dockers at Plym... worked so efficiently when the *Queen Mary* arrived that the ... was cleared several hours earlier than had been expected ... was consequently able to maintain her outward schedule. In ... than seven hours 997 passengers—the largest number ever ... disembark at one time at Plymouth—together with nearly ... pieces of luggage and eight cars, were brought ashore, and ... hours after the liner had anchored in Cawsand Bay the last of ... passengers had left Millbay Docks. An official from Southamp... said that the operation was carried out with a minimum of ... and a maximum of efficiency. The *Queen Mary* later left ... Cherbourg, where another 809 passengers were to be taken ... Arrangements were provisionally made for her to return ... Plymouth to embark passengers for the westbound journey, ... were abandoned when the strike at Southampton was called ...

MR. ATTLEE, THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, IN THE GARDEN OF HIS HOME AT PRESTWOOD, GREAT MISSENDEN, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, WHERE HE WAS CONVALESCING AFTER AN OPERATION FOR APPENDICITIS : The operation took place at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, on March 30. Mr. Attlee's progress was uninterrupted and he returned to Parliament last Monday. He is now seventy and has been leader of the Labour Party in the House of Commons since 1935.

COMMEMORATING THE CENTENARY OF THE SENNEN COVE LIFEBOAT STATION, CORNWALL : Seen on board the lifeboat just before a practice launch held to mark the centenary is Sir Alan Herbert, who is leaning over the side of the boat. During the practice launch the crew of the lifeboat "rescued" a man from the end of the Sennen Cove breakwater, and on their return to the lifeboat station were presented with a vellum commemorating the centenary by Earl Howe, who is the Deputy Chairman of the Royal Lifeboat Institution.

AUSTRALIANS IN LONDON CAST THEIR VOTES FOR THE SENATE ELECTION IN AUSTRALIA ON MAY 9 : Miss Gladys Opie, of Melbourne, is seen checking the rolls at Australia House, London, before issuing a ballot paper to Miss Daphne Bensted, who comes from Claremont. Voting in the elections is compulsory for all Australians, even if they are abroad. In previous years the voting papers had to be obtained from their home town, but this year Australians in Britain can draw their papers in London.

THREE BRITISH MINISTERS LEAVE LONDON BY AIR FOR THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION MEETING IN PARIS : Seen before entering the plane at Northolt Airport are (from left to right) the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. R. A. Butler ; the Minister of State, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd ; and the Minister of Supply, Mr. Duncan Sandys. Before the meeting opened, Lord Ismay, the Secretary-General, held a Press conference at which he emphasized that insistence on quality rather than quantity in the matter of rearmament should not be regarded as a lessening of military effort. Among the representatives of other nations attending the meeting were M. Bidault, Foreign Minister of France, and Mr. Dulles, the American Secretary of State



DRESSING UP THE CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN PREPARATION FOR THE CORONATION FESTIVITIES : Electricians are seen working more than 280 ft. above the River Avon, wiring chains of 6,000 golden lights on the famous bridge as part of Bristol's Coronation decorations. This magnificent bridge was built partly of material from the old Hungerford Bridge at Charing Cross, London. It is 702 ft. long.

THE MOTORIST AND THE BUDGET

The Reduction in Purchase Tax, Acceptable as it is, Will Bring Little Relief to Motorists, and a Reduction in Petrol Tax Would Have Been Preferred

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

WE get so excited, these days, about the slightest relief from our heavy taxation burden that motorists acclaimed the Chancellor's purchase tax reduction with an enthusiasm which has since cooled off considerably.

A cut of 25 per cent. in purchase tax from 66⅔ per cent. to 50 per cent. brings no relief at all to the owners of the 2,500,000 cars already in use in Britain except, possibly, in the case of those motorists who have been waiting for the Budget before buying new cars to replace models long past the retiring age.

Even these people may find that the tax reduction—ranging from nearly £50 in the case of Britain's cheapest cars, to £665 on the Bentley Continental—is largely offset by a drop in the "part exchange" value of their old car.

So while motorists, as a whole, welcome the Chancellor's purchase tax gesture, they would have preferred him to slice a substantial sum off the 2s. 6d. now paid in duty on every gallon of petrol. I thought the Budget comments of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders were both sober and realistic and reflected what most motorists are thinking now that the first flush of their rapture over P.T. relief has faded.

The Society "welcomed the slight reduction" of P.T. and described it as "a move towards the stimulation of home sales," which would also help exports by making for more economical production.

The S.M.M.T. statement went on: "Some easing of the punitive load of motor vehicle taxation has now been made, but the Society is disappointed that the Chancellor could go no further. It hopes that these reliefs . . . can be regarded as but the first of a series of measures to assist in the holding and promoting of export sales in conditions of growing competition.

"Motor manufacturers very much regret that fuel tax remains unchanged, not only because of its effect on the cost of living and industrial costs, but also because it forces manufacturers to concentrate more on small cars to the detriment of the larger export-type models."

The fuel tax has increased by 1s. 9d. a gallon in three years. In successive Budgets it went up by 9d., 4½d. and 7½d. in 1950, 1951 and 1952. Every rise meant an increase in the cost of living to every person in the country, not only through rises in fares, but also through increases in the cost of transporting goods.

Another important trade organisation which has commented on the Budget is the Motor Agents' Association, which has a membership of 16,045 car distributors, dealers and repairers. Referring to the big hold-off in home car buying for many weeks before the Budget, the Association says: "The uncertainty caused by purchase tax may recur yearly until the tax is abolished. The imperative need at the moment is to reduce the cost of motoring."

The M.A.A. has also commented on the question of car repair charges—a matter boldly referred to a few weeks ago by its retiring President, Mr. Harold Smith, who said repair charges are too high and must be reduced.

Mr. Smith blamed the trend towards excessive repair rates on three main causes: the fact that the Trade until recently had more repair work than it could properly handle, the alleged disinclination of many mechanics to work as hard as they used to before the war, and the reluctance of many garage owners to install up-to-date labour-saving plant.

The M.A.A. now reports that on the repairing side the Trade has experienced a "not unexpected diminution of business." This has been due, it says, to the general fall in second-hand car values which had tended to make expensive major overhaul work on pre-war cars an uneconomic proposition, coupled with the greater availability of new cars.

Regarding that last point, it was interesting to observe the immediate result of the Chancellor's purchase tax announcement. Many motorists who had declined to take delivery of new cars went running to their local garage asking when they could get one. How times change, and how quickly they change!

It was not so long ago that car dealers were still able to maintain a "Take it or leave it" attitude to their customers when a new car was available. Then when export markets dried up and Budget hopes caused many motorists to postpone the purchase of a new car, salesmen became extremely affable; and many a motorist who had been waiting years for a new car did not even bother to answer the letter when his garage man wrote saying he could now have his car at long last.

Now the pendulum has swung over again and eager buyers are being told they may have to wait many months for the car of their choice, especially if it is one of the less expensive products of the Big Six. There was, of course, bound to be a "little boom" in home car sales, even had the Chancellor not cut P.T. Many private motorists and business fleet owners would have had to replace worn-out cars anyway. They were simply waiting for the Budget in the hope that there might be some relief.

It is also true that the 50 per cent. P.T. cut has encouraged thousands of motorists to place orders for cars that would not otherwise have been bought. And so it is no longer possible to get immediate delivery of any of the "popular" cars, and that state of affairs is likely to continue well into the summer, for Britain's export car trade is picking up, too.

This is hardly the kind of climate in which to expect widespread reductions in basic prices, as some people seem to be thinking. They have apparently made false deductions from the fact that the prices of two British cars—Lanchester and Jowett—were, in fact, reduced at Budget-time. But these are not mass-produced cars, and they are not in the low price brackets. They can be taken as isolated price adjustments on models that are in relatively small-scale production by firms who find the present an opportune time to offer an inducement to wavering customers.

Price of the Lanchester Fourteen—built by the Daimler Company—has been cut by £153 to £832, the new total price, including 50 per cent. tax being £1,179, an overall reduction of £353.

Jowett Cars Limited announced reductions of £70 in the basic price of their standard saloon, £100 on the de luxe saloon, and £30 on the two-seater Jupiter sports model. The new total price of the standard saloon is now only £887, compared with £1,082 before the basic price and P.T. were cut.

Do you remember how the Daimler Company, some weeks before Budget-time, cut the basic price of their 2½-litre Consort in a way which gave an overall price reduction equivalent to a 50 per cent. P.T. cut? That was done, of course, to stimulate sales among prospective customers who might otherwise have waited to see what the Chancellor was going to do about purchase tax.

Daimlers have now announced that they are going to keep the total price at the reduced figure—£1,703—and they have accordingly adjusted the basic price, which is now £1,201, plus £502 P.T.

THE SAFETY COMPETITION ORGANISED BY THE MIDDLESEX COUNTY AUTOMOBILE CLUB AT HENDON AERODROME, WHICH "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT RECOMMENDS TO OTHER ORGANISATIONS: Miss Pamela Yeomans, who finished second in the women's section in the Driving Test, is seen in her Morris Minor as she negotiated the obstacles in the Parking Section. She lost 30 marks here out of a total lost of 122. The winner in the Women's Section was Mrs. Charlotte Roeder, in a Chevrolet, who lost 94 marks.

But let us leave the sordid financial side of motoring and turn to the much more fascinating operational aspect. There is no solider citizen than the family motorist who takes a real pride in his car and in his driving, and it was good to be at Hendon Aerodrome in North London on a recent Sunday to see nearly 100 keen motorists voluntarily subjecting themselves to a series of driving tests organised by the lively Middlesex County Automobile Club.

It was part of the Hendon and Finchley Road Safety Campaign, and I strongly recommend the idea to road safety committees in other places. The Middlesex County Automobile Club had arranged eight separate tests of driving skill.

First you had to reverse into two separate garages on opposite "locks." Then you had to turn round in a narrow road without touching the kerb. Drivers were then confronted with a choice of four openings through which to take their car, the idea being to choose the smallest through which they could get without touching the posts—a test of judgment which confronts a motorist every few minutes in city traffic.

Next you had to drive a zigzag course in and out of a line of posts—without touching any of them and without reversing at any point—and this was followed by a hairpin bend and a braking test from a speed of 30 m.p.h. Finally came the most difficult test of all, and the one which caused most of the failures to win proficiency certificates.

It was a simple parking test to prove your ability to place your car neatly inside a small gap between two other cars left at the kerbside. It was necessary to reverse your car into a gap only half as long again as the car itself.

Out of ninety-four motorists who took the tests only forty-seven—exactly half—gained proficiency certificates, and most of the others failed because of the mess they made of the final parking test. To get a "pass" you had to keep your total penalty "score" below 200 "black marks." And I saw one man lose more than 400 in the parking test alone! The average for the ninety-four candidates for the entire "exam" was 250!

All credit, then, to Mr. M. D. Hastings, who, driving a Hillman Minx, lost only 48 marks. His was the best performance.

At next Saturday's International Trophy Race Meeting organised by the British Racing Drivers' Club, at the Silverstone circuit, the principal event will be the race for British Grand Prix Formula II cars, to be run off in two 45-mile heats and a 105-mile final.

FROM ITALY, THE HOME OF THE MOTOR-SCOOTER, COMES THIS LATEST INNOVATION IN MINIATURE MOTORING: This tiny two-seater car, built by the Iso. factory of Milan, and displayed at the Turin International Motor Show, has a 198 cc. motor-cycle engine at the rear and does about 75 miles to the gallon. The door is at the front and the steering column hinges forward to allow the maximum of two passengers to enter. The car, which costs £265, has four forward and one reverse gear, and is capable of about 40 m.p.h.

ADRIFT FOR 73 DAYS ON THE WATERS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN

The Tragic Cruise of the "Mary Jane" Ends When a Tanker Comes to the Rescue

SELBY CORGAT AND ANTOINE VIDOT AFTER THEIR NIGHTMARE DAYS ADRIFT: The two survivors of the *Mary Jane* seen aboard the Italian tanker which took them to the Persian Gulf. Their eight companions in the *Mary Jane* all lost their lives, Selby's father after sixty days.

JOURNEY'S END FOR THE "MARY JANE": The motor-launch seen from the Italian tanker *Montallegro* a few moments before the tanker's crew brought to safety the two surviving members of the crew of the *Mary Jane*. The launch was en route to the Seychelles and was only a few miles from her destination when the engine failed. For seventy-three days she drifted on the Indian Ocean, with those on board dying from thirst, hunger and exposure. *Right*—A close-up of the *Mary Jane* during the rescue operations.

One of the most terrible modern-day stories of the sea comes from the Seychelles, where the *Mary Jane*, a motorised launch bound for the islands, began her disastrous drift of 600 miles in seventy-three days before sighting either land or shipping. When the *Mary Jane* broke down she was in sight of harbour. Winds and tides carried her away from the Seychelles, and then the wind died down and the ten occupants of the boat were left to drift under a burning sun for day after day. First of the eight people to die were the two women, one aged fifty-two and the other forty-nine. They lasted forty days. The last to die was the boat owner, Corgat, who lived for sixty days. Only his son, Selby Corgat, and the mechanic, Antoine Vidot, came through the terrible ordeal. When the engines of the *Mary Jane* failed, there was only 66 lb. of fruit aboard and only three gallons of water. These rations lasted a week, eked out by a little rain-water which was collected in the sail canvas. Six sea birds were also caught, and these provided some sort of a meal for the suffering men and women.

THE OLD BATTLESHIP "CONWAY" AGROUND

THE 114-YEAR-OLD BATTLESHIP IS DECLARED A TOTAL LOSS: H.M.S. *Conway*, which has been used as a school ship in the Menai Straits, is seen in these two pictures after she had gone aground on the Carnarvonshire shore near the Menai Suspension Bridge. At the time of the disaster the *Conway* was on a voyage to Birkenhead in order to undergo a refit. A towing hawser linking the *Conway* to the leading tug snapped, and the tide carried the *Conway* away until her bows grated on a shelf of rock. After attempts to refloat her, it was found that her seams were strained and letting in water, and that she must be considered a total loss. The *Conway*, formerly H.M.S. *Nile*, a 92-gun ship of the line, served in the naval campaign of the Crimean War. She was lent by the Admiralty to the Mercantile Marine Service Association of Liverpool for the training of officers for the Royal and Merchant Navies. For years she was a familiar feature of Merseyside, but in 1941 she was moved to the Menai Straits because of air raids.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

AN ENGLISH WIFE IN WASHINGTON

This is the setting for Miss Monica Dickens' new novel, "No More Meadows," a very successful feminine book

MISS MONICA DICKENS' books, the best of them, have always had a strongly autobiographical flavour, and, indeed, that seems to be the style in which she writes most happily. NO MORE MEADOWS (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is her new novel, and therefore presumably pure fiction, although it is about a young woman who marries an American naval officer and goes to live in Washington. That part seems to fit, though further details do not. In any case, this is a book that I can happily recommend to women readers because it is a very successfully feminine book and, since we are told that women readers outnumber men readers, that should make the author happy as well. There were a few passages in which I thought Miss Dickens' approach to the American scene was a little consciously naïve, as it might be someone who travelled the further reaches of the Zambesi with rod and gun, but, on the whole, the novel is most entertaining and its general effect as bright as a button.

THE CELEBRITY (Cresset Press. 12s. 6d.) is a very American novel indeed, if you know what I mean. This is not due to its literary style, which is suave and controlled, but to the story itself, which comes under the heading of Things That Couldn't Happen Here. A hard-working and serious author whose books have so far had a respectable anonymity finds his new work chosen, quite capriciously, by a Book Club and is overnight assured of fame, fortune and a Hollywood contract. It is, however, his brother, an insurance salesman till this happy moment, who becomes the celebrity, for it is he who cashes in on the situation, arranges deals, talks big business, attracts film stars and lectures from coast to coast with charming, boyish insouciance on the subject of his brother's early life. That is a very neat idea, and Mrs. Laura Hobson has made the most of it, in a brisk and glittering transatlantic way.

PICASSO AT THE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL : The celebrated painter at the gala opening of the Festival, accompanied by Françoise Gillot. Picasso wore a brown velvet corduroy suit, which contrasted rather strangely with the evening dress of the other guests.

A new writer of adventure stories, and a good one, is a real find, so I introduce you to Selwyn (just Selwyn, *tout court*), who has written OPERATION BALLERINA (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) and firmly established himself in so doing. It is a customary slight, to which authors of this kind probably become inured eventually, to say that their books are just the thing for reading on a long, dull railway journey. Well, I read this novel of Selwyn's in the garden on a bright April day, when there were a thousand other distractions (including gardening) which might have lured me away, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. It is tense and exciting, as such tales should be; it is written with a respect for the English language, and it has the distinction of remaining just within the bounds of possibility.

MRS. HULETT: LOVE IN OUR TIME (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is about a very high-powered lady indeed, beautiful and well-groomed in a Washington-New York way, and with a rather alarming hobby of shaping other people's careers. Her husband has a promising future in the Roosevelt administration, under her guidance, and she feels herself equally competent to direct and, if necessary, frustrate any extraneous love-affairs of his. When she herself falls in love it is not such fathoms deep that she cannot still cling to her power and her obsessive need for interference. Mr. Bertram Bloch writes, and I think over-writes, with great zest. His principal character has more looks than charm, but he has created something very like a real person in the New York impresario who is Mrs. Hulett's quarry.

SAVE ME THE WALTZ (Grey Walls Press. 10s. 6d.) has a melancholy interest, for it is a novel by Zelda Fitzgerald, who was Scott Fitzgerald's wife, and who wrote this book more than twenty years ago before her sudden and tragic death. There are reasons for thinking that this story of America and France and Italy in the inter-war period may have much of autobiography in it; the incessant parties, the restless travelling, the brilliant company, the running faster and faster to stay in the same place. These echoes give the book its interest, but for many readers it will be a sad one.

Jean Plaidy writes again of Catherine de Medici in QUEEN JEZEBEL (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.), and shows that alarming lady in a late phase of her life when scheming, intriguing and poisoning were beginning to pall and the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew's night offered more hideous satisfaction. As before, the author shows the meticulous nature of her research and, at least as important to readers, her ability to tell a good story without fuss or pretension.

THE SOJOURNER (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlins, is a family story set in the deep countryside and the almost equally deep turn of the century, and for at least its first half the book is reminiscent of Miss Kaye-Smith's early work, but in an American version. There are family feuds and eager, earthy young women and silent, monolithic men, and the whole thing is quite amazingly readable, even for one who likes his country life a little more impersonal.

Then there is THE OLIVE TREE (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.), by Mr. Robin Estridge, a story told in a paradoxical style of harshness and sentimentality about a young American going back to his parents' home country, Mallorca. There he finds a grandmother whose wisdom has grown without travel, and whose toughness of fibre is even greater than his own. They work out a destiny which rather arbitrarily includes one of the island girls and, one is led to suppose, live complacently ever after. I liked the physical descriptions in this novel, of olive trees and axle trees and roof trees, and only wished they had formed a bigger proportion of the book's construction.

CORONATION SUMMER (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is a fresh edition of a sixteen-year-old novel by Mrs. Angela Thirkell, concerning the doings of a young woman of county family during the festivities of 1838. It is an amusing pastiche of Victorian modes and manners, written with a slightly more conscious attitude to humour than is apparent in her contemporary novels.

SILENCE FOR HIS WORSHIP (Staples. 12s. 6d.) is a conscientiously told saga of the career of a man whose early life had been a more than ordinarily fierce struggle against poverty, against violence and ignorance and even against catastrophe. Mr. Bernard Ash, whose first novel this is, has a simplicity of expression that is not unappealing, and his London scenes and backgrounds are done with real understanding.

Mr. Robert Raynolds writes of the collapse of the Roman Empire and the closing years of the fourth century A.D. in THE SINNER OF SAINT AMBROSE (Secker and Warburg. 15s.). The theme is a vast one, and the author has both simplified it and sharpened the focus by presenting events as seen by a man who was a favourite of the Christian Emperor Theodosius and later of the great Bishop Ambrose of Milan. Mr. Raynolds' pace is a fast one, his style easy to the point of colloquialism, and his industry (for this is a very long book) remarkable. The combination points to a probable best-seller.

THE MAN IN THE QUEUE (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) was first published twenty-five years ago, when its author, Josephine Tey, was writing as Gordon Daviot, and the best and most accurate thing I can say about it is that it is even better now than it was all those years before the war. It is, in fact, a detective story in the classic manner, and a beauty.

Mr. John Trench is announced as a brand-new mystery novelist and his first novel, DOCKEN DEAD (Macdonald. 9s. 6d.), shows him to be an ingenious one, with a fresh touch and a neat wit. I shall look forward to his next book with considerable anticipation.

WINNER TAKE ALL (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is the first adventure of a new creation of Mr. Gerard Fairlie's, one ex-Superintendent Mitcall, and is reasonably exciting without causing any nervous collapses among its readers. Perhaps the Bulldog Drummond series by the same author have set a particularly high standard in this type of fiction, or perhaps one is too conservative in one's fictional attachments, but I still hope to read a new story about that debonair and muscular hero.

THE VOICE (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is a clever but oddly unmoving story about an immensely popular English singer of the homely crooning type, not as handsome as Bing Crosby, but with some kind of attraction that makes hordes of fans fight for his signature, or a button from his coat, or even a sight of him. Mr. Dudley Barker shows us the man, his wife, his mistress and his manager, his sudden and spectacular success and his death, with all the clarity of a good documentary film, and we can see it all and even understand each motive and each action. What one can't do, unfortunately, is to care about any of them.

SOLDIER FROM THE WARS RETURNING (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.) is a reprint of Mr. Jerrard Tickell's immensely readable novel written a dozen years ago, when the author was a private soldier in the Army.

VANDERBILT NIGHTS AND DAYS

A Duchess of Marlborough Glances Back

Consuelo Vanderbilt, an eighteen-year-old American heiress, was married to the ninth Duke of Marlborough in 1895, and thus she transferred from Manhattan society, with all its rigid regulations, to the even more exacting and regimented duties of a hostess in the aristocratic London of the '90's, when the Prince of Wales, the German Emperor, the King of Portugal, and a host of other notabilities were among those who dined at her table. The marriage was one of filial duty, and the most-discussed and publicised marriage of the time. In THE GLITTER AND THE GOLD (Heinemann. 15s.), Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan tells the story of those days, re-creating them in half-amused and most amusing detail. Two things her Vanderbilt heritage brought her were powers of description and of discrimination, as witness her account of the great Delhi Durbar, in itself a fine piece of writing, where, it seems, she understood so exactly the almost devotional mood of those who came to acclaim, and the Court of St. Petersburg, where she went with her husband (who had a weakness for pageants) to attend the glittering Court functions which ushered in the Orthodox New Year. Russian days were short, but their nights were endless, was the Duchess of Marlborough's comment on that elaborately arranged visit, with all that it entailed in the purchase of diamonds, mink and sable. Finally the author describes her divorce from the Duke of Marlborough and relates the subsequent happy history of her years in France as the wife of Colonel Jacques Balsan, one of the pioneers of aviation. These final chapters have their own particular enchantment, and seem to set aside the disenchantments of all that went before in a crowded but only occasionally serene life.

Vivian Ogilvie brings home in vivid fashion the changes which have taken place in everyday life in the past four decades with his new volume, OUR TIMES (Batsford. 21s.). This history of the immediate past, showing us what we wore, the vehicles in which we rode, and the food we ate between the years 1912 and 1952 is full of entertainment, and the photographs provide not the least part of the fun.

Earl Jowitt, a former Lord Chancellor of England and one of the outstanding lawyers of our day, has done a great service by his analysis of the mass of evidence in his presentation of THE STRANGE CASE OF ALGER HISS (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.). Hiss has already been the central theme of two books, the one *A Generation on Trial*, by Alistair Cooke, and the other *Seeds of Treason*, by Messrs. Toledano and Lasky. These writers have not attempted to deal with the case from the detached point of view of a lawyer who desires merely to review the evidence presented in the course of the hearings. Earl Jowitt has done just that, but in the course of his review he does not fail to note the striking differences between a trial in the courts of the United States and a trial in the English courts. These courts have in common, however, the fact that in a case against a man who has previously enjoyed a high reputation for integrity, we demand upon both sides of the Atlantic that the case against him should be established beyond any peradventure. Earl Jowitt is not satisfied that the case was thus established in the American courts, and it may be that many a layman who reads these pages will have the same uneasy feeling.

A most disjointed but readable set of memoirs is provided by Harry Cozens-Hardy under the title of THE GLORIOUS YEARS (Robert Hale. 21s.). Mr. Cozens-Hardy's random recollections cover the years 1897 to 1952, and he probably needs no reminding that at least fifteen of them were very far from glorious, save in a militant sense. London, Paris and New York are among the places most frequently mentioned in these memoirs, and a close-packed index of over twelve pages is necessary to include all the great, the near-great and the far-from-great about whom he writes with such journalistic verve. Mr. Cozens-Hardy is a former nephew of the Master of the Rolls and a relation of the Colmans of Norwich. In journalism he met everybody—Royalty, politicians, sportsmen, painters, pugilists, and stage stars—and not least among his anecdotes are those that relate to his fellow-journalists, the fabulous William Randolph Hearst, who apparently had a strong streak of generosity in his nature not to be confused with his better-known streak of prodigality; the no-less-fabulous Northcliffe, whom only Lloyd George could really handle; Tom Clarke, Arthur Brisbane, Kennedy Jones, and a host of others. Even the benighted P.R.O.s get a short chapter to themselves. There can be very few indeed who have not been allowed to climb on to the Cozens-Hardy band-waggon.

Books about Stalin will soon be flowing upon us in spate. Already the flood has begun. Yves Delbars is the author of THE REAL STALIN (George Allen and Unwin. 25s.), which is not a very imaginative title for a very remarkable biography. Delbars is a French journalist with a wealth of political experience. He attempts to reconstruct Stalin's life from his early days in Georgia to his last years, cataloguing his crimes and achievements and showing very clearly the complexity and effectiveness of his tactics.

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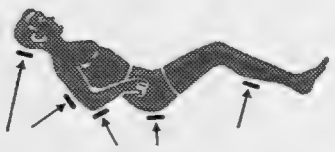

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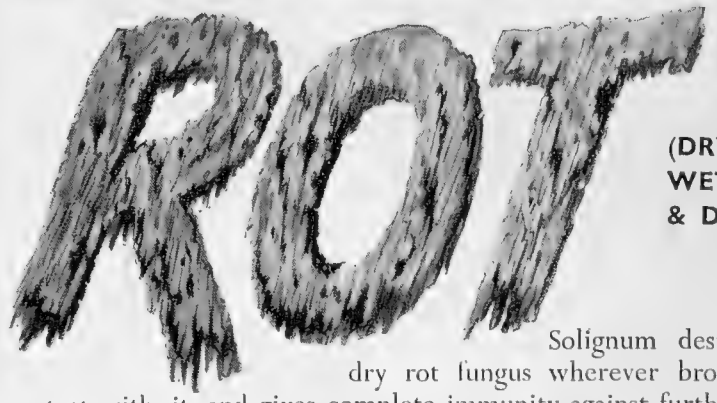

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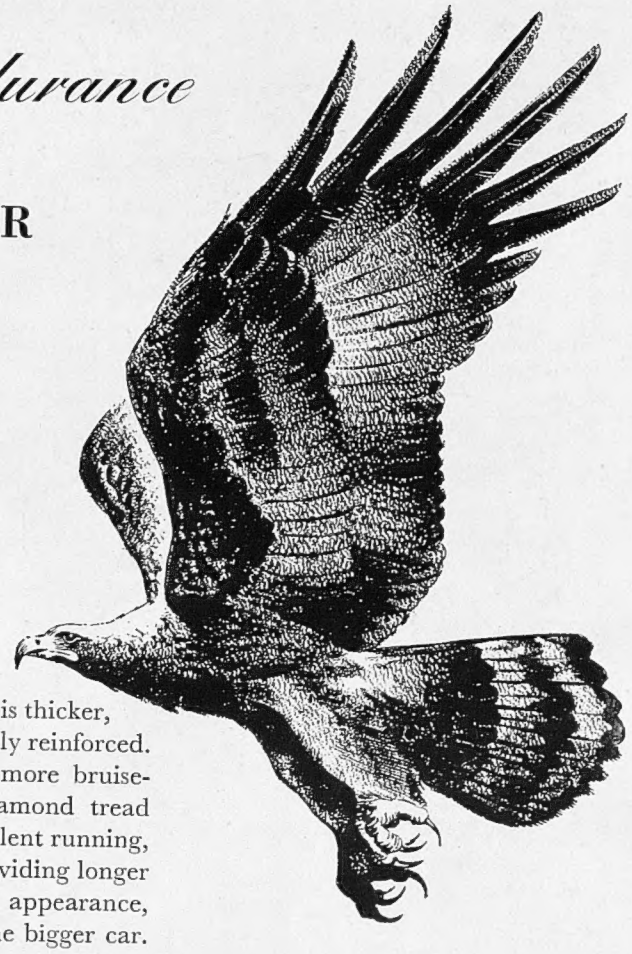

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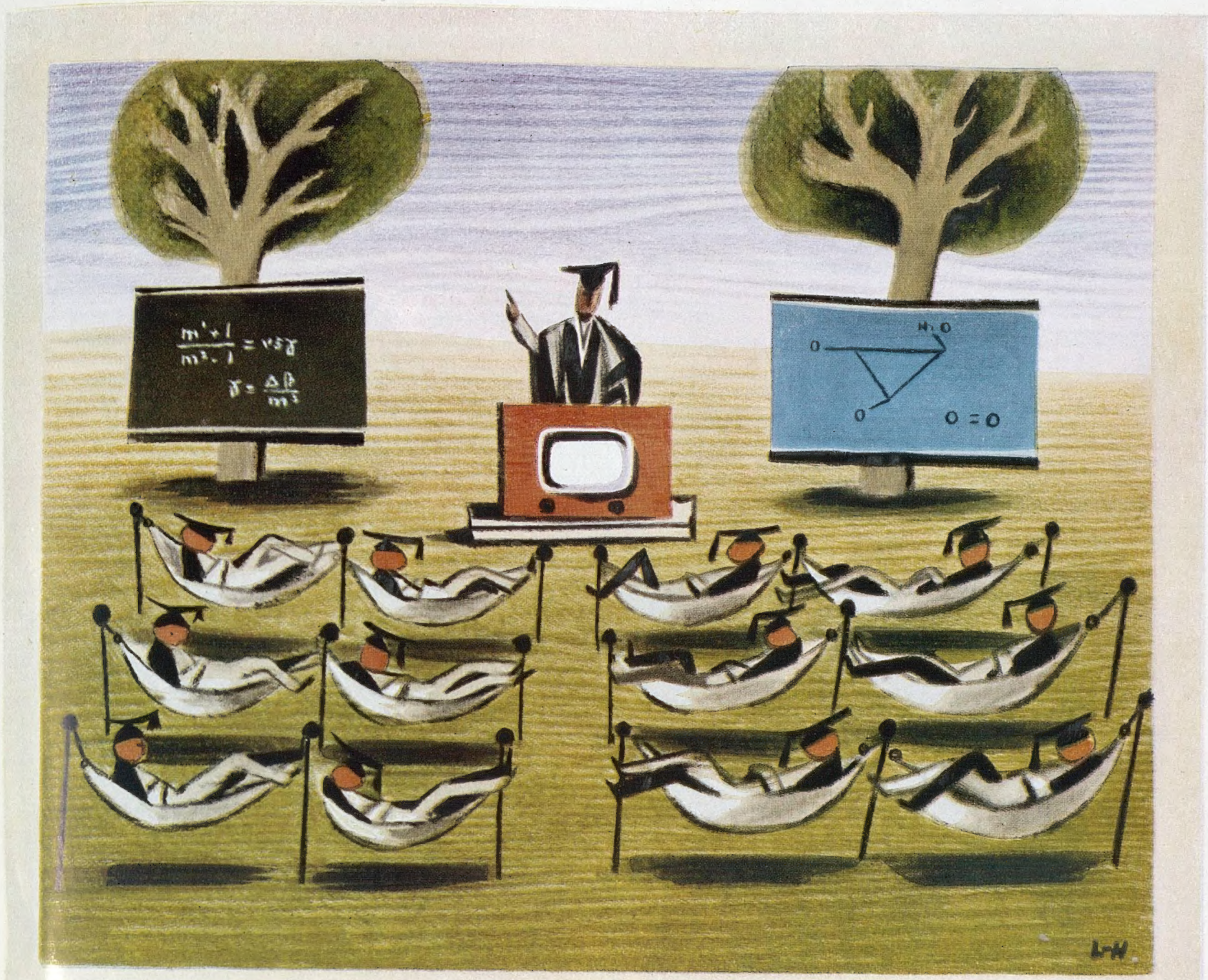
CHOCOLAT LINDT
ROD. LINDT FILS
ESTABLISHED 1879

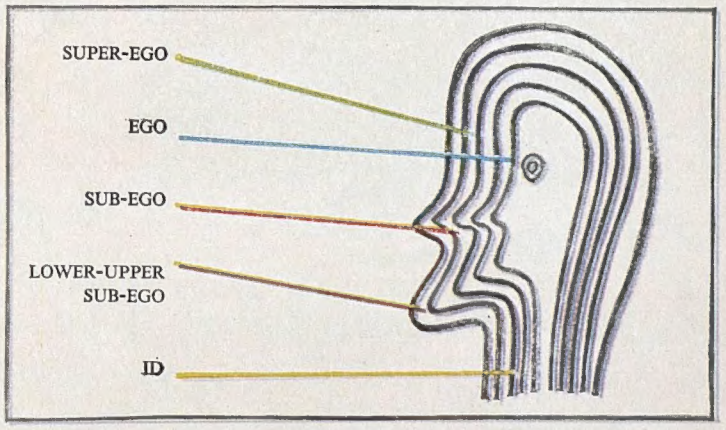


Schweppshire shows the Way—2

THE TECHNIQUE OF SLUMBERCRAM

(*SLEEP WHILE YOU LEARN*)

It was our pioneer educationist Monteschworri who first shouted EAT CAKE NOISILY to her infant charges in order, by counter-suggestion and general Reacting Against, to ensure stubborn silence and peace at tea-times. Using the same technique, the Youth-boss or Magister of our school of Schwepponomics begins his seminar by ordering his students to keep on the alert. During the deep sleep which immediately follows, the paths to deeper knowledge are unblocked, diagrams and television demonstrations are felt rather than merely seen, and a simple repetition, if necessary by gramophone, of Euclid Book Six, the Law of Demand Curves, or the influence of Jane Austen, is indelibly printed on the more delicately receptive under-cortex or deeper matrix — to put it in the simplest possible language — of the student mind.



Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

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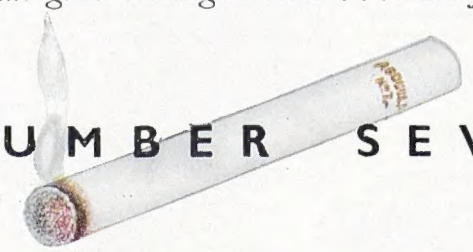
The ritual solemnity surrounding so much that is sheer gaiety . . . The pale rich setting that makes red velvet still redder and richer than real life . . . The private picture in the mind of oneself, in all that splendour, on some great evening to come . . . And for perfection one thing more—



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